CAROLANUS AND MERONE

IRENE ANGELE BABER

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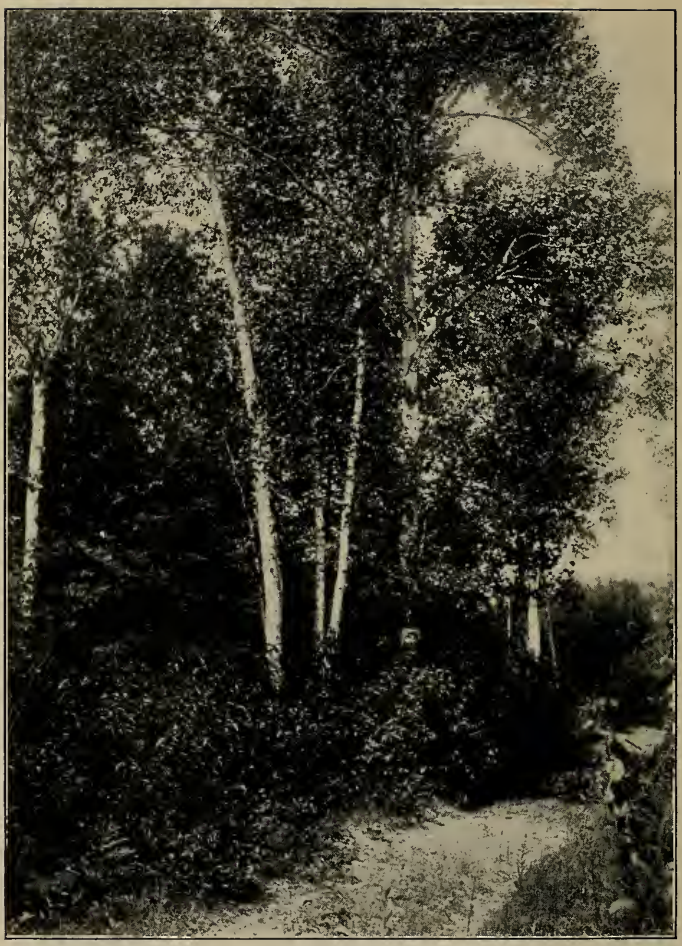
CAROLANUS AND MERONE

The First Bouquet

And Other Poems



"*Au Michigan.*"

Carolanus and Merone

The First Bouquet

& Other Poems

By

Irène Angéle Baber

Illustrations by Johannes Miersch

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Dedicated to

CARL ALEXANDER JOHANNES MIERSCH

Supreme Artist

In gratitude for beautiful and wonderful memories

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CAROLANUS AND MERONE

CAROLANUS AND MERONE

Carolanus, a mortal, who, having voyaged to the midstream of life, caring no longer for what may become of him, takes from the oars his hands and drifts towards the infinite.

Merone, a maiden, mystic, soulful,—a dreamer of the great unreal.

A mountain glade on the heights. A long valley at left. MERONE *beneath a tree; extreme silence. Slowly,* CAROLANUS *ascends the hill. As he approaches, the sun begins to set, giving a faint, rosy glow to the scene. As he reaches the top, the song of a wild bird is heard. Seeing* MERONE, CAROLANUS *starts; he comes nearer and gazes in wonder.* MERONE *motionless.*

Carolanus

So young! So fair! And hast thou come alone?
Alone, to this far height? O maiden, speak!
'Tis strange! What can it be she ponders so?
I fear the journey was too much for thee.
Thou'rt here before thy need. But why alone?

Merone

Those who came before me have passed on.

Carolanus

And these did not look back upon the path
Which they had trod. But thou canst gaze and
gaze
Upon the valley. 'Tis a wond'rous sight!

Merone

I have not loved it!

Carolanus

Perhaps 'tis so. But here thou hast, at last,
The beauty that each heart must crave and buy.

Merone

I do not hold it fondly in my heart!

Carolanus

Thou should'st not climb here then. This is the
land
Of those mature. So thou art here too soon,
If thy fair face and slender form bid well
To tell thine age correctly to my mind.
Thou feelest here, no doubt, despite thy youth,
The knowing of thy senses on this mount.
What dost thou see in yonder valley, maid?

Merone

Thou canst not know it! 'Tis for one who here
Hath come too early. 'Tis for one who knows
All misery of the valley, yet whose feet
Have shaken off the slime and have made haste
To reach the highest peak. None can go o'er,
Tho' they go farther. None can go down again,
For mist obscures the way and for all time.
'Tis I, alone, who can see where my foot
Hath made its mark in hillside roads and paths,
While still I sit upon the mount. 'Tis fate!

Carolanus

Perhaps 'tis true that mist for thee, hangs not
Across the vale, but in thy heart. Dost know?
Ah, in my heart is pity for thy plight.
Thou, maiden young, like breath of spring thou art!
Dost thou not see that Spring holds out her arms
And calls and calls to thee? See! It is Spring!

Merone

I do not love it.

Carolanus

Behold! The crocus-sandalled feet of Spring
Have lightly passed o'er this, our wond'rous garden.

With warbling songsters, she hath called forth life
That slumbered under Winter's wings of white.
Her gentle voice awoke the sleeping stream
And bade it croon a lingering lullaby
Unto the fringed banks of weeping willows.
The water-lilies formed a scented path
For her to dance across the flowing waves.
And all the lovely flowers sprang into bloom,
As her sweet lips kissed every blushing rose,
While softly, Zephyr swayed each tiny censer
Of snowy dogwood and the violet.
Dost thou not see this wond'rous life sublime?
Why dost thou gaze on it with tearful eye
Of solemn melancholy? Thou smilest not!
Canst thou not see that Spring is gentle Hope,—
That this is lovely Hope's awakening?

Merone

Alas! And what is hope? 'Tis but desire!
He who possesses it confuses hope
With probability. He e'er is blinded,
By the sun of bold illusions.

Carolanus

Nay. We are lamps that e'er require good oil,
To make the flame of life glow well and long.
And when the oil of hope begins to fail,
Our wicks do fill the air with wreaths of smoke
That signifieth sadness and depression.
'Tis then, that we embrace dark-browed despair.
'Tis then we mock all earthly, worldly pleasures!

Merone

And why not mock the emptiness of joy?
What is it but a siren, at whose feet
Men fling themselves in momentary bliss,
Only to look again and find Joy gone!

Carolanus

Nay, my Merone. That cannot be joy.
That is frivolity, for joy,—pure joy,—
Is but habitual serenity.
It is a sky that is forever clear,
Uncrossed by clouds, so that the smile of Hope
Shines from it brightly, cheering all our lives!
And thus, wherever we may seek to go.

Merone

Mortal, whither goest thou? Ay, pause,—
And let thine eye reap in the sky of eve.
Think'st thou 'twas made for thee? Conceit hath filled
Thy bosom with its venom and I see
Thine ear inclined unto the cheering song
Of yonder wild bird. For thee, too, does he,—
That blended beauty,—spend his throat in song?

Carolanus

I know not if I thought it was for me,
But deem it wise to cheer thy youthful heart.

Merone

Why, mortal, should'st thou care to rouse me thus?

Carolanus

Because I know 'twill save thee from thyself.

Merone

And why?

Carolanus

And why? To make thee happy, fairest one!

Merone

Ah now, true man, I see thou mockest me!

Carolanus

Merone, nay! Believe me, I speak truly!
Methinks, O maid, thy cheek is somewhat pale;
Thine eyes, so shadowed, burn with hidden fire.
Thou hast a secret that oppresses thee!

Merone

Ay, 'tis a secret! I have born it long
And no one knows the anguish I endure,
For like a vulture, on my thoughts it preys,
Yearning away my youth,—embittering all my life!

Carolanus

Come, come! Thou know'st not life. Thou'rt
but a child!

Merone

A child, perhaps, but with a woman's heart!

Carolanus

O strange Merone! What can thy secret be?
What is thy grief? Thou hast a home and friends.
Thou hast some wisdom far beyond thy years,
To bear thy troubled thoughts some consolation.
What can this sorrow be that even now
Brings to thine eye the tear? Thou art too young!

Merone

Ay, thou hast said it! How I hate my youth!
It gave my heart a flame that now consumes
My health, my mind, until my body starves,
By wretched illness!

Carolanus

Canst thou not smother this destroying fire?

Merone

Nay, 'tis in vain! It further spreads.
What is the world? I would have none of it!
But, stranger, who art thou, to chide me thus?

Carolanus

I am a minstrel, skilled in art of song!
I bring glad message to the hearts of woe;
I teach the harmony of one great peace,
And though I ne'er have found it, yet I know
Where it doth lie concealed. I search for it
Although I am not young and I have hope
E'en in my autumn's night here on the hill,
Of finding that ideal, that soulful thing!

Merone

Then we have come, each for the self-same thing!
Some vague voice in my visionary sleep,
Told how, upon this mountain, I should find
A flower, a spirit and a great ideal!
All through my childhood I have silent been,
Finding in solitude the preparation
For this great, holy thing that should appear
When I had reached the furrow of the mind,
And breathless, knew not how to choose the best!
All filled with sorrow I have waited here,
Waiting and wond'ring for a miracle
To be brought out by Nature for my doubts.
The youths who passed, I scorned; all shallow,
They knew only pleasure, lust, delight,
And I seek for the mind that mates alone
With mind in sweet companionship, alas!
But sing to me, mild minstrel! Help me pass
These weary, waiting hours, with music's spell!

Carolanus

Down in the valley, I was robbed of all,—
My pride, my glory and my happy harp,
So that my voice alone must sing, fair maid.
Yet 'tis accompanied by sounds so sweet
That come from harmony's own tender heart!
That heart is all I own and once, a voice
In dreaming whispered me that I should find
Upon this mount, before it was too late,
A gentle thing, the type of womanhood
That worships the mature alone for mind.
It cried that finding her, I should then teach
The song of life to her and live in love,
Feasting on mental lights of liberty!

Merone

Then we shall wait together, minstrel mild.
I wait for that great spirit thing and thou
Shalt rest here in the shade to dream of her
Promised to thee. But sing me saddened songs,
For I have known but sadness and I want
No cheerful moron to tell me how
Life holds out joy. Have I not seen enough
Of vile deeds, men's base acts, their passions, greeds,
And all the scum that scatters o'er the vale,
Raping the pure of mind who like shy sheep
All gratefully would graze, if not these heights
Beckoned to them to speed aloft and find
In this sweet solitude the undisturbed?
Sing, minstrel! Sing! And help me to forget!

(*Chanting*)
I tell my sorrow in sweet Nature's ear,
And all my tears I give her, 'neath this tree,
While she, most tender mother we can know,
Doth make my very grief my fount of cheer,
Because she is so good and kind to me!
For when I give her sighs, she doth return
Caressing breezes, bringing me sweet rest;
When prostrate in my grief I lie,
And sob my heart out on her cooling breast,
And care not, if I see her sky again,
She doth return my moans with fond concern,
By giving me the songs of thrush and wren.
When blinding tears no longer let me see,
She softly whispers in the branches high,
"I grew these fragrant flowers just for this time,
"And I have oh, so many joys for thee,
"Thou'llt know them all, before I let thee die!
"Now tell to me no more of tearful tale,
"But hasten to the mount and there thou'llt find
"A youthful thing I've fashioned all for thee,
"With flowerlike face and fragrance of the mind.
"So take this daisy for thy love all pure;
"And this red blossom for thy love like fire;
"This fern will prove thy love will e'er endure!
"So long as sky exists, there will be blue,
"So long as earth shall last, green will prevail,
"Thus tell her that thy love will e'er be true!"

Maiden, the sun has set and still there comes
No spirit thing! May I then, give this rose

To thee, to keep in sweet remembrance here?
I must pass on to search! I bid farewell!

Merone

Nay, nay! Oh, go thou not away, thou king
Of wond'rous song! Thy voice hath stirred the depths
Of deep unquiet in my soul! 'Tis strange!
I never knew before that there could be
Within myself this great unrest, this fear!
Since thou hast told, I'll tell to thee *my* dream!
I dreamed I held my flower to my face,
Awaiting for the spirit that should come,
All robed in light to carry me away
Up to the fond ideal I cherished so!
I stood within a dark and lonesome cave,
When suddenly, a black-clad figure came,
All silent stood before me, lifting not
The mask that hid his face. He disappeared,
But soon returned and brought with him a bowl.
"Drink after me," he said and lifted it
Up to his lips and when the mask he raised,
I saw a skull! Then, trembling, did I take
The bowl and clutch it wildly, till I saw
The flesh fall from my fingers and the bones
Were crimson! Then, as though from some far height,
I seemed to fall and falling roamed through air,
For all eternity, half mad, amazed,
And broken-hearted, with the flower crushed
Into a faded memory, a tear!

Maiden, the night descends! I linger not!
Be not so sad! A demon lurks within
The dark! I met him oft before, fair one,
Down in the valley, when the sunlight glowed;
When greenwood trees were spread o'er mossy banks;
And when the apples fell into my lap,
Like snow that some find plentiful to quench
A burning thirst. And finding it so free,
I lost the taste for the unblushing fruit,
Thus riveting my gaze upon this peak,
Then little dreaming that upon this cliff—
But nay! I dare not tell thee, maid! Farewell!
Oh, fare thee well! I cannot tell thee more!
It never could be just; it never could
Be meant that Nature led me here to see—
But nay! Again, farewell! Forget, my child,
That I have sung to thee! I go my way,
And wait thou here all patient! For some day,
I know a youth will come, pure, holy, clear
In sentiments serene! He'll prize thee more
Than one who blames himself in autumn for
The harvest of his sowing! Here, this rose
Oh, let me press into thy hand! Farewell! (*He departs.*)

Merone

Can it be true? Is this a flower, a rose?
Oh, minstrel mine! Come back! Return! Alas!
How can his mortal ears, attuned to songs

Of harvest, know the beating glance my heart,
All innocent, all unskilled in the art
That plays with mankind's heart, know that I plead!
Ah, fall ye throbbing tears! Fall, like the stream,
The mountain torrent too long pent in rocks!
For I have kept my heart in stone thus far,
Showing not to the curious the strength
Of passion's self concealed! O minstrel mine,
Return! Oh, sing to me again of earth,
For I am of the earth and earthly, though I would
Be of the clouds! Oh, I shall be content
Now to dispel the hapless hopes and sighs,
That would wed miracles and forms of air!
(*Looks upon the rose.*)
The night descends! Now he is gone fore'er!
But list! What voice is this? Whence floats it o'er
This magic spot? Is't in the trees? Nay, 'tis
Upon my breast! What fear! Who calls? Oh, speak
In language that I understand! Thy murmur
Cannot penetrate my knowledge! Speak!

The Voice of the Rose

Ye mortals call me a rose and thou, sweet maid,
Shalt know me in my spirit form as well!
List what I tell thee! Hast thou heard of Love?
Ah, that is I! I dwell within the seed of lovers' joys,
And coaxed by smiles and won by tears come up
All gently from the nursing earth to find

A father in the wind, a lover in the wild!
I know no infancy! Like thee, sweet maid,
From cradle until doom, I cheer the heart
With ripe maturity, for when I seem
A lovely bud, it is because I curl
My petals o'er the heart of mellowness
That dwells within, unseen, except by those
Whose vision penetrates the colored form!
My fragrance I give not to every friend,
For who can judge the flattery that leans
All smiling o'er a drooping, bashful head?
And who can thrill at fingers that would pluck
All carelessly the bleeding, bursting bud?
'Tis not the conquering bee all proud who wins
My yielding, nor the humming-bird, though it
Would suck my life away in proving how
It feasts upon my beauty! 'Tis not the thrush
Who fills his throat at eve on what my breath
Gives to the air intoxicating and
Invisible, nor is it in the pool,
That being small is young and therefore, fickle,
Since tomorrow it will not reflect
The wine-red that it drinks today from me.
'Tis not in these I find my lover, but
It is the breeze which I had thought my father!
In him I find the lover who hath known,
The choicest flowers in all of beauty's realm,
And when he bows my head in blushing spell,
I feel him gently ope my petals wide,
So that I give him willingly the best
That I have saved! It is because he knows
What is the valued, what the prized, that I
Find in his ripened judgment what I seek,

When I, sweet Love herself, would mate!
Long have I waited, gentle maid, before
I chose the messenger I found to give
Me safe into thy longing hands! Now drink!
Drink at life's fount, so that thou, too, may judge!

Merone

Ah! Silence! Rose! What hast thou said?
Oh, was it he, indeed? I knew him not!
What shame! Oh, bring him back to me, sweet Rose!
Alas! How thou art quiet! I shall find
For him a name and call and call my love
Throughout the night! Yet no! He loves me not!
He did depart and said no word of lingering,
Sobbing regret to me! Then he knows not!
The moon leans envious o'er this lonely spot;
The trees frown down protectingly, as though
She should not, curious, come to see how I,
Weeping and sighing must bear sorrow's shade.
And yet I love the shadows, or always have,—
Seeking to e'er avoid that brightness which
But contrasts gloom, when once one knows them both.
'Tis thus, beneath these sheltering boughs I sink,
Weighted by weariness and woe, to dream.
Yet will I turn to him and sing my song,
For mayhap, if he hears my famished voice,
He will return to tryst and to betroth!
It e'er has been that when two souls, attuned
To mutual harmony find peace in that

Which makes them sensitive to music's wail,
Wild wonders have been wrought and havoc sweet,
Within the unexplored hath bound them high,
To float upon the clouds of lofty love!
(*She chants.*)
Oh, if this be the last time I seek rest,—
If, when tomorrow's sunlight floods the vale
And plays upon mine eyelids closed for aye,
No sigh escapes my white and silenced lips,
No trembling joy doth make my being thrill;
If thou dost see upon my cheek a tear,
Know that'twas shed with the last thought of thee;
If thou on my cold brow dost place thy hand,
And if my name thou callest tenderly—
To plead for answer—know that I hear thee not!
If my pale cheek untinted is by blush,
When thou dost give to me that passionate kiss,
Which now I, crying, crave,—'twill be too late!
Ah, do not weep in vain, as I have done,
But take this little rose thou gavest me
This evening as we parted. It will tell
Why wildly throbbed my heart when thy dear hand
But touched mine own and why a silenced sigh
Did fill mine eyes with tears when thou wert gone!
'Twill tell the secret that I dare not name,
The sad, despairing thought that ruins my life,
Knowing it ne'er can be and, like a worm,
Eating away my youth! Oh, take that rose
And lift it to thy lips as I have done,
For it will tell the secret that I gave,
Knowing I cannot tell thee,—that I love thee!
Then bury me and let it grow in rest,

Dyed in the crimson that dies in my breast!
(*She reclines.* CAROLANUS *appears.*)

Carolanus

Merone! Merone!

Merone

Carolanus!

Carolanus

It is perdition's night!

Merone

Ah, say not so! Have I not found thy name?
'Tis dearest and thou art indeed, my dear,
Since I have brought thee back with dearest tears,
A spirit-mortal ever shed for love!

Carolanus

Ah, love, Merone! How dare I love thee, maid?
Thou, goddess, in the glen I saw thee near!
I heard thee call, but now, behold me mute!

Merone

Then,—then, O thou lov'st me not, I fear!

Carolanus

'Tis that I am but mortal, maiden fair!
Thou art all mystic, unreal, high above
The pettiness that all my journey knew!
Would it be wrong to kiss thee, teach thee joy,
E'en though a voice directed I should make
My idol from myself, through music's power?
How shall I tell my heart of moral code?
It is a tender heart and cannot bear
To know that in the world are many laws
That bid it cease its throbbing, when thou'rt near!
Shall I, then, take from out my ears thy voice,—
Its ornaments of pearls all treasured there,—
Thy words soft spoken that I, raptured, heard?
O say not that mine eyes must weep no more,
For they have gazed on thee, beloved one,
And when they wed thy glance,—what can I say?
Hath mortal mind been ever brought to tell
The full of love's confession? No! And I,
Must eat into myself that bitter-sweet
Which glows like autumn berry, hidden 'neath
The cloud of one great loving heart,—all thine!
Ah, truly, it is thine, though ne'er before
Did I believe that love grew at first sight!
I did not dare to tell thee that I knew
That fate had placed thee here for me at last.
Though my heart fell upon thee, yet my soul
Cried out that I deserved thee not! Merone!

Merone

Thou, too, art sad! I know thou lov'st me now,

For love is sorrow,—the eternal pain
That eats the flesh with hunger and yet brings
The fullness of all things to energy.
How oft I thought that it were sweet to know
Companionship of bliss with some great mind,
The rhapsody of all that lives and creeps
Bound into one wild ecstasy sublime!

Carolanus

Yet, while the substance ever shall preserve
In laws and unities the light of mind,
To us it will be given, maid, to know
A new thing, since I mate my thoughts with thine.
Shall it then be agreed we dwell together?
Shall we climb the hidden way aloft,
And crowned by clouds with peace as our own realm,
With golden understanding for our sceptres,
Reign supreme, high o'er the vale, alone?
Ah, no, sweet one, I could not have it so,
For majesty too haughty is for love,
And why, when thus I find a gem, a gleam,
Should I look coldly on its beauteous form?
Child - woman! Come into my longing arms!

Merone

Ah! I know not! What great fear is this?
The glow-worm lights the woodland path below;
Through aisles of pine in forest groves I see
The warrior oaks against which all these years
Enemy elements have fought, in vain.

These have not known the consciousness of love.
But in the swamp there dwells the seed of toil
For future forms, the buffalo and boar.
Their love must differ from the forest tree,
And ours, superior still, unlike must be!

Carolanus

Divinest deity, deign to bestow
One tender look upon me from those eyes
Gentle and soft as the gazelle's own gleam!

Merone

What dost thou find in contemplating thus?

Carolanus

I find the immortality of love, the pain
Of suffering womanhood through ages dark,
And all the slow grown rapture of thy sense.

Merone

Is it then beautiful, O minstrel mine?

Carolanus

All, all, Merone, gems itself in thee!
Within thine orbs I see my ego-love,
That did come first through some unaiding mire,
And that did learn affinity of self,
When years were yet untold by mortal tongue.
I see within those depths the kind of grief,

The cruelties of chase, of care and kind,
Haunting thy very spirit, till it reached
The wonder of thy gentle form, to bide
Perfected miracle of a long choice.
So mirrored in thine eyes there lies revealed
The power of mine own self, the grace of thine,
And each was meant for each, until the world
Grew grasping in appointing unjust suits
That itched thy soul and mine. So we have come,
And coming, know this mount where here we stay
Invisible to eyes that see with eyes.

Merone

Carolanus! I indeed am thine!
Beloved, know my voice hath called to thee!

Carolanus

Sweeter than tremblings of the tocsin bell,
Thy voice first beat upon my dreaming drums,
Until I marvelled if I heard aright,
The first wild cry, the soothing, hushed response,
The moan, the shriek, the primal fear, the lung
Of dull submission and the song of time,
All blended in one maiden's mystic throat!
Thou, who so fair, so young, art bitter-sweet
To me, a minstrel discontent, oh come!
Come, my Merone! I would kiss my Muse!

Merone

(*In his embrace.*)
But tell me, mortal, what is this,—a kiss?

Carolanus

Now I shall chide thee, not for lacking trust—
Thou charming child, all innocent and sweet—
But I must fuss when thou dost class them all—
All kisses and thine own—in the same breath!
A kiss is but a twinkling star that shines
Upon love's highway; there are many there.
I knew a multitude and found them fresh
When, as a youth, I walked in Spring's first steps.
But soon I learned how lucid lights grow dull,
And did renounce inconstant blinking when,
Strolling one night, I, lustred by the moon,
Knew craving for it, till it led me here!
So, maiden, see, 'tis thus that thy keyed kiss
Is as the moon that guards the portal, Love!

Merone

Yet I know not power to prompt the hinge!

Carolanus

(*Embracing her tenderly*) Then I must pick the lock!

Merone

But 'tis not fair to steal into a realm!
Art thou an outlaw that would enter thus?

Carolanus

Perhaps, and yet, I have my passport here,—
This daisy which was given me for thee! (*Gives her the flower.*)

Merone

O I am young, so tell me if this is
The price which thou pay'st for my willing kiss?

The Voice of the Daisy

Maiden! Virgin! No, he pays it not;
But thou shouldst prize the price the kiss demands,
For I shall breathe and die if thus thou 'llt sin
Against myself all clothed in full ideals!

Carolanus

Merone! Thou art dreaming! Come, thy lips!

Merone

Nay, nay! A voice hath spoken! Dost not hear?

Carolanus

It is the water sprite who prates below.

Merone

Methinks it came from this drawn daisy's soul!

Carolanus

In truth, perhaps the flower complains that we
Pull not its petals as all lovers must,
To know if love lies hidden there for each.

The Voice of the Daisy

Hold, Virgin! Vanquished thou shalt be fore'er,—
A slave to voices of the vale,—if thus
Thou cast aside all lightly charms
That but reflect from whiteness of thy soul.
I warn thee, child! I plead, O woman chaste!
I beg thee spare the holiness of mind,
The sanctity of peace and its reward.
Who takes the kernel from the nut must break
The shell asunder and who fires the nest
Makes homeless some poor squirrel. Beware!
Beware!
Charred moss and smoking turf make crusts too
hard
For tender infant feet and where the birch,
Like silver plume, still droops there will be waste!

Carolanus

Merone! Why dost ponder so? Hear me!
I love thee! I would swear that ever we
Shall roam together, if thou art but mine!
I ask a kiss to seal betrothal vows
And thou dost keep me waiting. Shall I ask
This daisy if thou lovest me or no?

Merone

Hush! Carolanus, hearest not that voice?
O, tell me more, sweet counsellor and call
Me back again into the kingdom Truth!
All early ideals I would keep fore'er!

The Voice of the Daisy

On one side of this mountain spreads the mead,
And here, while thou dost lie, the chasm yearns,
The nightshade clinging to its deadly damp.
Built upon this height the wild dove's nest,
Yet the falcon foe to summits, too,
Comes unsuspected! Sweet wood-pigeon, watch!
Wouldst thou wade in yonder yearning deep?
Hast seen how the nightingale plucks moths
Which cleave to white discs of the scented bloom?
Once thou didst confide to zephyr how
Thou wouldst know but the joy that comes to mind,—

Carolanus

Merone! Shall I die for love of thee?
Shall I groan, 'neath burden of thy calm;
Through thy deep tranquility and dread?
Merone, tell me, dost thou dream? Merone!

Merone

I am resolved. A kiss I cannot give!

Carolanus

But it will prove how our ideals enjoy
The pleasure our renunciation gained
Within the valley's scorching depths and how
We waited for our feast until this day!

Merone

Nay, nay, Carolanus! Tempt me not!

Carolanus

Then I must pluck the petals from the flower,—
'Twill tell if truly thou dost love me, fair!

Merone

Oh, that I love thee,—that I learned in song!
It has been life to me, though but a day!

Carolanus

And I have come to teach thee life! Life's song!
Exquisite beings must experience all!
So sensitive art thou, thy beauty must
Be brought out mind and flesh thro' noble love!

Merone

Nay, 'tis not just for me to court our deaths!
Life all ideal must purest mind adopt!

'Tis folly so to look on love as woe!
He who delves deepest in despair's dark depths,
Shall find this holiness high heaven's hazard,
For that is Love,—a paradise of fire,
Guarded no more by angels but by sprites,
Who once were human flesh and know its worth.
They bid thee welcome and there teach the mind
That lofty is what is perfection's bliss.
Merone! Hear me, sweet! We'll not destroy
The beauty of thy mind, but teach it more
Of newer ways, emotions, all that's good!
What angel feels my racing blood that strives
To speed with thine? O rampant lips! (*Striving to kiss her.*)
They who would sentence must first sense the crime,
And fighting fleeting forms why then conflict
With unpropitious pleasures of earth's gloom?
He who would grapple with an unseen foe
Must yield himself all passive, that he may
Know what the fiend is like and if he should
Denounce it or ally himself to words
And morals set upon a standard wrong!
They who relinquish liberty to claim
Experience from which all laws are forged
To bind the mind like iron, unreasoning,
Surrender claims consistent with the rights
Of all free born, who brought to see the light
Shall bear, in turn, when wisdom leads that fault!

Merone

I know not if I dare! Thy logic, man,
Disturbs my soul and brings down love's own tears!

Carolanus

Then I shall count the daisy's petals white!
She loves me,—loves me not,—she loves me,—not!
She loves me,—not,—loves,—not,—she loves me!
Ah! (*Casting away.*)
Merone! My child-woman! Oh, the kiss! (*Kissing her.*)

Merone

Minstrel! Lover! Carolanus, mine!

Carolanus

As the bee to the ripe cherry, so
I cling to thee, thou maiden all unreal! (*Kiss again.*)

Merone

And thou wilt love me ever thus, adored?

Carolanus

Love has not made me for a faithless lover!

Merone

Still, I fear,—

Carolanus

Fear not! Here is the bit of fern I brought;
Since Nature sent it thee, I'll tell thee how
All green rules over earth and ever will.
For green is fruit of love that lives in trees,
That nestles on the bosom of the mount,
That fades or dies but to live on again,
Since matter cannot perish in the sense
Of what is gone completely. Thus our love
Witnessed by shrubs, by trees, is born in them
A nd evermore shall grow, a spirit thing
That found expression in two earthly forms.

Merone

O minstrel, who hast sung thy way into
My childish heart to place a woman's there,
True woman, now I weep, because we know
Too wondrous joy to make us happy here!

Carolanus

What strange, unquiet chatter this, Merone?
Thou art indeed the queen of womanhood,
And I have made thee so! Thou art all mine!

Merone

'Tis true! It is perdition's night! Dost see
How dark the clouds that roll? And lightning there
Cleft Night's soft blue asunder! All the light
Is gone and in my heart, green ghastly shades now come
To mock at me! Where has the daisy flown?

Carolanus

Why, sweet, its petals blew into ravine
That here beside us opens to the deep.

Merone

It is too late! It is perdition's night!

Carolanus

Nay, nay, not so, my beauty! For me now
Life has a golden meaning and with thee
For inspiration all my songs shall tell
How on this mount we learned content and peace!

Merone

There is no peace, Carolanus! Even this,—
This ecstasy, this joy, this rhapsody,—
Is but illusion! Oh, how soon 'tis shown
That we had best not carry in our hearts
High, fond ideals that life but makes us throw

Into the common throng, all pitiless!
Ah, minstrel! It was sweet to know thy soul,
How noble thoughts are treasured in itself,
Quintessence of worlds' broadest images,
Feasting on philosophic honeycombs
That reconcile the weary with cursed life!
It has been worth the trembling fear to give
Myself to thee entirely that I might
Have glimpses of ethereal wisdom thou
Dost give for consolation! Carolanus!
Know that in exchange for knowledge real
Of life and life's climax joy-bound in love,
I have descended from myself and now,
Having paid dear price for awakening,
I gave all that I had—a precious thing—
My pearl of innocence that I felt sure
Was to be mine for aye! The night grows dark!
It is my doom that hastens! Hear the chant?

Carolanus

Merone! 'Tis the paradise that opes!
See! Yonder cloud grows bright! O deluge blond
Of golden graciousness! My love, my wife!
Come, come! There beckons sweet Serenity,—
And there is Love, all smiles, opening the gate!
There are the future years—the tiny babes!
How they will thrive on our own iris souls!
For this then, I have found thee! 'Tis reward
For suffering, misery, insults and woe!
There lies our kingdom! See the parting skies?
Merone! Merone! Come! At last we live
Redeemed from that which binds all mortals fast!

Farewell! Had I believed,—but no! Farewell! (*She falls into the ravine*!)

Carolanus

Merone! (*He sinks to the ground.*)

Gradually, clouds of light surround him. Airy figures lift him to a couch, ornamented with rose garlands. Distant singing is heard and musical laughter. The scene grows brighter still and a group of dancers appear. They dance in figures. CUPID *and* PSYCHE *appear. They are ardent lovers.* PSYCHE *runs away through the clouds.* CUPID *pauses, panting, and seeks her, in vain. A sudden hush. From the chasm come two black-clad figures bearing* MERONE. *Solemnly they deposit her body on the couch near that of* CAROLANUS. *The scene grows dark. The dancers withdraw, frightened. The cloud disappears into the sky leaving the couch and its two figures in the darkness. Slowly, a radiant figure appears at the head of the couch. It smiles sweetly and gives a hand to each of the black-clad figures. The scene grows entirely dark, again. Presently, the twitter of birds is heard. The lark sends up a wondrous song. The light of dawn grows brighter; it illumines the spot where the figures stood. In their stead is a willow tree, its green leaves gently falling.*

FINIS

THE FIRST BOUQUET

PART ONE

PRELUDE

"The Seedling"

Indefinite it was,—a stirring faint
Within my soul. 'Twas Eros, with his spade,
Turning the soil to nest the seedling there,—
The embryo of all your looks and smiles!
The dew that nourished it came from the tears
That blurred the notes of his immortal song,
Within the sunlit studio we knew,
While I stood listening, as you played to me,
With all your passion, all your noble art!
Oh, I was young,—unloved, unlovely then,—
Yet oft you smiled at me in those sweet hours,
Curving my fingers o'er the anxious bow,
Knowing not how the violin must wound!
What nobler, truer sentiment than that
Which does revere the music-master great?
O but to feel with him the heights, the depths
Of joy and grief, not in his tone, alone,
But in his life, his glowing self, inspired!
How often, in the studio, dear love,
You taught me more within those lesson hours—
More of the grand sublime, in subtle thought—
Than ever dwelt upon a printed page!
How often, when the lesson hour was o'er,
We lingered in the shadows to discuss
The world and all its evil, all its sham,
Then, little knowing what a happiness

Was stealing softly o'er us from beyond!
Some afternoons, we walked about the town;
Sometimes, upon the hills, we felt the glow
Of life within our veins and did not speak,
Because we knew no word and could not sing
The haunting music in our hearts! Our eyes
Sought well to guard the secret, blissful hope
We did not dare acknowledge to ourselves!

I have no part in thee! I do not know
What passion rules thy heart, nor what fond
thoughts
Lie treasured in thy soul. The wind, 'tis true,
Can penetrate the densest trees that grow,
And pierce the foam upon the ocean's wave.
The fox, the wolf, who rove on stormy nights,
Are not alone. Each shares a free-born mate
Who fears, who hates, who knows his instincts bare.
The doves are one; they find their happiness
In grateful love, with beauty's eye to feast.

But I am all alone! Thou art with me,—
Ah, yes! And all my inner soul doth hunger for
Thy inner soul! My thoughts would mate with
thine!
All that I am, I wish for thee to claim!
I give thee every secret that I know!
And thou? O thou! What dost thou give to me?
'Twere better that I dwell not so on thee!
Men have been mad for lesser pain than mine!

THOU ART NOT THERE

Above my grave, the spring flowers bloom.
Thou art not there! Thou art not there!
Ages veil mystery round my tomb.
Thou art not there! Thou art not there!

Worlds long have climbed and they dwell on the hill,
But I, in the vale, like a lamb that is shorn,
All weary and suffering must live on here still,—
Still bearing the smile that is lurking in scorn.

Thou know'st the spring rains are my tears!
The spring is gloom! The spring is gloom!
And wrapped in clouds, thro' all the years,
I cry for thee, until my doom!

VISION

I gaze beyond, into the depths of sadness;
I see a world of blighted hope,—and love.
Thou canst not see it! Tho' thou think'st 'twere
madness
That madness hath embittered all my life!
Dost thou know how my heart leaps when thou'rt
near?
O say not that this bitter smile's sarcastic!
'Tis but the pitying smile that hides a tear!

Dare I hope that thou wilt come?
How I watch and wait to see!
Ah, thou knowest not how long,
My poor heart hath bled for thee!
How it beats and throbs and starts,
At thy glance so mild, so dear!
Yet, within the shadows, I,
All alone, must bear this fear!
This great fear that I am wrong;
This wild voice that will deny
All that passion craves to know,
In a love which would defy,
Danger, heart-aches, scorn and sneer,
That the world's opinions give.—
Oh, to know thou lovest me!
This, would make it joy to live!

SUNSET

The sun is setting;
  Darkness floods the light;
Mysterious silence,—
  In my heart, too, 'tis night!

AT PARTING

Why is it, love, that we have ever met?
  'Tis but to part!
The time will come, when you will go from here,
And I shall turn my steps into another path!
The parting, dearest, will be, oh, so sad!
  'Twill break my heart!

And something now, I want to hear you say.
  What may it be?
'Tis what will make the tears seem bitterless;
'Tis what will make my sad heart light, in the long
  years,
When you do not return! So tell me now,
  That you love me!

THE APPASSIONATA

Dear violin! The world tonight,
Is gay, while I am alone.
Come! 'Tis the hand that he has kissed,
That coaxes now for your tone.

The tears down my cheeks are streaming,
As you're pressed by a sigh to me,
And the bow in my hand is trembling,
As my heart sings out its plea;
While my fingers now caress you,
I feel each answering string,
In saddened accents sighing,
When high notes wildly ring.
I close my eyes in dreaming,
As I press you closer, still,
And I play to his loved image,
For it makes my being thrill!
There is passion in your tone now!
There is blissful yearning, too,
And my thoughts are of him only,—
As my soul goes out in you!
Oh, this last, long tone I hold, dear,
While my eyes with tears are dim,
And I'm sure you know its meaning,
For it's filled with love for him!

DOUBT

Speak! While your eyes are holding mine.
Speak! Lest my throbbing heart
Break with its weight of fear.

Hot blood in my veins is racing;
My hands are clenched unto bleeding;
My lips are trembling and burning!

Speak! Not gently, but harshly;
Call me back from oblivion;
Rouse me from fatal dreaming!

THE AWAKENING

Fainter thy voice comes to me, over the great
divide,
Barrier that keeps us apart, calm that but proves
a tide.
Tho we be near to each other, fields beyond
measure seem,
Keeping you still farther from me, loved one!
My life's lone dream!
Destiny's voice cries within me, "Forever thus
'twill be!
"Know'st thou the width cannot lessen?" Still
fires my love for thee.
Seeing thee ever above me, I raise mine arms for
thee, there.
Dimmer the light of hope! Darker the shadow
despair!

AT MIDNIGHT

Softly the moonlight gleams on your picture.
What means this weeping? Why this unrest?
Alone, in the darkness, with trembling fingers,
Fondly I clasp it close to my breast!
Tender and loving, slowly I raise it
Up to my lips and there, with a kiss,
Long do I hold it, losing my sorrow,—
Knowing I love you, dear one, like this!

RESIGNATION

Deep in my heart this passion has slumbered.
I did not know what it meant to me,
But now, since longing has turned to burning,
I know what sorrow 'tis to love thee!
In the still darkness, I call thee, dear one!
Call out thy name, as sadly I weep!
Thou canst not come to comfort my sorrow,—
Rude city noises lull me to sleep!

DEFIANCE

A breeze thro' my window blows tonight,
And yet, stifling seems the air,
While weird are the dancing moonbeams bright,
That haunt my invalid chair.
The sentinel walls so gloomy, gray,
Forbid me the starry sky.
I long for a home in some far way,
Where happiness waits such as I.
Oh, what do I care for woodland flowers,
That bloom on my table here?
The woodland, itself, with idle hours,
I crave with an angry tear!
The hand that you clasped but a moment ago,
To my fevered lips I've pressed;
My heart, with a fire, is all aglow;
I sigh with a vague unrest.
Why must I live on to suffer so,
With the thought of what ne'er can be?
Oh, must I then die and never know
The bliss of your love for me!

SIGHS

The days seem long, dear heart;
The year grows old;
The leaves in sorrow fall;
The wind is cold.

I pluck an aster fair,
Of purple cheer,
And as I think of thee,
It drinks a tear!

IN ANSWER

You bade me sing of Joy,
The spring-tide of our hearts,
The youth that cannot fade,
The hope that ne'er departs,—
Fair-browed and happy maid.

You bade me sing of Joy,
And if I sing, what then?
Can Joy be, after all,
The thing most craved by men?
'Tis but a siren's call!

You bade me sing of Joy!
How can I, when my life
Has been but bitter woe,
Has been a ceaseless strife?
A passing, tragic show!

HESITATION

Why not outspoken be?
What holds thee ever?
Tho' my heart fain would speak,—
My lips say, "Never!"

AT MORN

The dazzling gold that fires the east, dear one,
Is morn, the dawn of hope for me!
And with sweet thoughts of you, life seems so bright,
It makes my heart beat joyfully.
Tho' you are far, the thought of you, dear one,
Fills all the day with blithesome cheer.
I feel so oft, when you, too, think of me,—
I seem to feel your presence near.
Oh, do you love me, ne'er to part?
Give me your love! You have my heart!

You have gone, and my thoughts go with you,
As my hand on the arm of my chair,
Lies as gently the last time you held it,
While you tenderly touched my hair.
Then, "Goodbye," you said, when you left me,
But I, too, did not say goodbye,
For I know that it means a parting,—
And the parting, wond'ring why!
For I think over each sweet trifle,
Every look, every smile and jest,
Until shadows begin to deepen,
And I seek out my golden rest.
So thro' night hours of stubborn waking,
When, in vain, I try sleep to woo,
Or when dreaming ecstatic visions,
Know my spirit is e'er with you!

'TIS A FEARFUL THING

'Tis a fearful thing! 'Tis a fearful thing,
When the sun is high and the birds on wing;
When the bees pay court to the flowers bright,
And the world is filled with song and light;
When the shepherd rests 'neath the broad noon tree,
Thinking with joy of his bride-to-be,—
To have ne'er a heart for the happy day,
But to roam by brooklets that plash away,—
To be sad-eyed, mourning, the golden while,—
To have hopes that rankle and cast defile,
With Nature's hand held as icy stone,
With frost-chilled marrow in every bone!

'Tis a dreadful thing! 'Tis a dreadful thing,
When the moon's on high, for a voice to sing
That woe has come with a giant's unrest;
That love's a demon to haunt our breast!
Must the spirit then, with its icy stare,
Turn time to naught and place tomb-stones there?
Shall the green grass hope, then, to reach the sky
And failing, grieve until it can die?
'Tis a fearful thing that a soul should weep;
That a troubled heart may ne'er know sleep;
But that thro' calm mists, the heaving sea
Knows the deaf are dumb, where the sightless be!

GOODBYE

Goodbye, dear!
Let not the heaving of my breast cause thee to pause,
But haste away.
Let not the tear
That dims mine eye and laves my cheek, cause thee to start,—
Since we must part,
Goodbye.

Goodbye, dear!
I ask thee not in tragic tones to linger still,
But bid thee go,
For when thou'rt near,
I fain would bid thee here with me forever stay,
And yet I say,
Goodbye!

Goodbye, dear!
Broken is my heart! Now leave me here to die.
I ask no balm
To heal the wound.
No power can ever bring to me a calm relief,
For this wild grief,
Goodbye!

BABYLON

I stand upon the threshold trembling, panting;
I see the walls of empires in the dust;
I know that youth behind me, in the distance,
Burns down to ashes, by the flames' cruel lust.
Oh, lift me to thy tower, for I am weary!
My soul, oh strangle! Hear it sadly weep!
For all thy trills are tears that drown my hearing,
Until I can but feel thy music deep!
Oh, bitter love that yet is sweet!
Is there not sorrow in that tone,
Which cries with mourning wail to heav'n?
Such soulful tone is thine alone!

TONIGHT

Tonight, dear, it is tonight I'll need you;
Tonight, when the world in slumber lies;
When restless and sleepless, I toss on my pillow,
Weeping and moaning and stifling the sighs;
Counting the moments I spent with you, dear one;
Whispering the words that ring in my ear,—
Words that are burning my lips as I name them,
Words that unbidden bring yet a tear.
As your dear eyes into mine own are gazing,
My heart is throbbing with anguish and pain,
Knowing that what I now seek in their blue depths,
I must forever be seeking, in vain!
Yet in the touch of your hand there is comfort,
While your kind voice is bringing me cheer.
My soul is thrilling with love and with longing,
Oblivious of all else, save that you are near.
You cannot know what this night I shall suffer,
For when I leave you, all seems so sad,
That these sweet memories, haunting the darkness,
Will keep me wakeful, will drive me mad!
O this depression—this sorrow unending—
That, like the chains of a prisoner doth seem,
Weighing me down to the depths of a madness,—
Lifting the veil of my life's empty dream!

TO THE NIGHT

O sweet Night, come! O gentle Night,
With welcome darkness shroud thou me,
As one who fain would hide from all
  The dreary sadness of the day.
Upon thy bosom, fairest Night,
  My aching head, oh let me lay.

Cause thou the breeze to waft to me
The perfume of the lovely rose.
With dewdrop tears upon its cheeks,
  It weeps, because 'twill one day die.—
O foolish rose, I'd welcome death!
  A long curse life is,—death, a sigh.

Bid Morpheus close my weeping eyes,
While slumber song the night birds sing.
Oblivious I would be of all,
  So let me dream a better thing,
Than life's cursed demon haunting me.
  Fair Night! I beg thee death to bring!

O beauteous Night, let not the moon
Cast forth her brilliant light, for it
Doth signify the joy that now
  Is but a maddening memory!
Oh, cease this sorrow! Let me rest
  With thee, dear Night, eternally!

I dare not show thee that I love thee!
How can I know if this be love?
I am but blushing maid who ne'er
Before could know what loving seems,
Except, sometimes, when dreams,
Bring your dear face to me!
Yet, if this trembling, burning,—
This will to please thee, when thou'rt near,
This restless, hopeless longing when
We part means love,—ah, then,
I know I love thee!

PART TWO

"In reverential silence, heard the song
Of spring birds in the wealth of reeds and bush!"

PRELUDE

"The Bud"

Spring came, and came not to the world alone,
But called to us! Within our hearts it sang!
I felt how Eros braced the fragile shoot,
With fond misgivings, fear and doubt and joy,
Much moonlight, many cloudy days, and looks
That were as breezes, trembling tiny leaves;
Long walks through forest paths, in quiet lanes;
A dinner at some garden by the way;
Kentucky grandeur on the hills, the lake,
Sweet hours of ecstacy in that wild place,
The old, deserted fort, where oft we sat
To watch the sunlight in Ohio's waves!
How often, when our hearts were full, we two,
In reverential silence, heard the song
Of spring birds in the wealth of reeds and bush!
Fort Thomas! Magic word! It weaves a spell
Of beauty over Nature's own, who feel
Within themselves the sermon life upholds!
'Tis said that lovers ne'er resisted charms
Told by those birds, or whispered by that wood—
That holy, wond'rous spot! 'Twas made for love!
'Twas made the temple for true love's true vows!
And so, one day, we, too, discovered how
In dreaming, wrapped in moonlight on that spot,
A rhapsody is wrought and rapture known
By love's first wakening there! One eve, it was,—

One thrilling tryst we kept; we stood concealed
Where locust blossoms fell in perfumed shower,
And standing thus, within my soul there came
A fragrant flower, a tiny bud,—a kiss!
It was oblivion's paradise and so,
Oft we returned unto that sacred spot,
Until, one fearful eve, we blended tears
Beneath the June boughs of the oak. You thought
It had been wrong to melt a maiden's heart!
You thought 'twere best I should forget and you
Would go away. 'Twould prove a test and if,
When you returned, I loved you yet and knew
No pleasure in the company of youth,
Then,—then our betrothal bound fore'er!
I wept! We kissed again and sighed and pledged
The vows to bind us both. You went away!
But Eros knew we could not spend the spell
Fort Thomas wrought in making two hearts one!

CRUELTY

Dear one! Time is cruel to me,
It shortens hours I spend with you,
Because they are so glad, so bright,
So filled with joy and longing, too.

Dear one! Time is cruel to me
And causes me such bitter tears,
For till I see you once again,
It makes the days seem like long years.

Dear one! Time is cruel to me,
Because it bore us far apart!
So life will seem eternity,
Until it stills my starving heart!

ILLUSION

Ah, no! I am not fair. The moonlight soft
But makes you think me so.
You say mine eyes are sweet?
'Tis love that prompts your speech
Such compliment, I know.
For when tomorrow's sun glares down on me,
With dazzling, truthful light,
Mine eyes will then so faded seem, that you,
Will wonder at this night!

UNTIL TOMORROW

E'en tho' you leave me, dear,
I cannot sorrow,
For you have promised me
To come tomorrow.
Till then, joy rules the earth
With blissful seeming
And all my thoughts of you,
Unite in dreaming!

THINE EYES

Unfathomed deep, with all my soul I greet thee!
My throbbing heart would fain know what there lies,
Concealed with wise and secret thoughts,
Within the wond'rous depths of thy blue eyes.
And as I look, they cast o'er me a spell
That will not let my sad eyes look away.
I dare not gaze into thine eyes too long,
So tell me quickly, dearest, what they say!
Oh, naughty eyes that sparkle so at me,
I pray thee do not mock, but ere too late,
Have pity on my troubled, longing soul
And tell me, dear blue eyes, what is my fate?

"In the evening calm, the waters are still
And the birds no longer are calling;
While the shadows deepen on each green hill,
As gently the night is falling."

At Evening

AT EVENING

Silent, we stand where the sunset sky
  Reflects in the lake its splendor.
I know that our beautiful day must die
  And my heart is sadly tender.
In the evening calm, the waters are still
  And the birds no longer are calling,
While the shadows deepen on each green hill,
  As gently the night is falling.
Do you know what my heart is crying, dear,
  As with anguish it is throbbing?
Oh, I try so hard to hide the tear,
  And I try to keep from sobbing,
But a torturing thought bears out a sigh
  While my trembling lips now sever,
For, as far this lake is from the sky,
  We, too, must be forever!

FOREVER

I do not see thee with mine eyes,
E'en tho' they know thee as thou art,
For all my soul breathes out in sighs,
Because I see thee, with my heart!

THE LITTLE WHITE BUTTERFLY

O you flutter so gayly among the bright flowers;
You are silent, but joyful, all thro' the long hours
And my heart is so happy to see you so free,
That I wish a white butterfly, I, too, might be.

Spread your wings, my sweet beauty,—away quickly fly,
For the sun now is sinking and soon you must die!
In the sunshine, all day you have winged your glad flight,—
But the best joy is hid, in the darkness of night.

So when your life is o'er and the great day is done,
Then my happiness, sweet, will have only begun.
For my love comes to me, when the stars are on high,—
O I would not be you, little white butterfly!

A HEART-THROB

A tiny bud, so sweetly fair,
With petals all of beauteous white,
Bloomed in a garden, strangely rare,—
It ne'er had known the bliss of light,
Until a wond'rous sunbeam came
To kiss the bud and soon it grew
Into a flower, nor blushed for shame,
Altho' the first kiss that it knew.
Alas! The sunbeam will not stay,
And tho' it lingers, it will hie.
Oh, must that sunbeam go away?
Ah, then the little flower must die!

THE KISS

Tenderly clasped in your arms I lie,
As I gaze at the stars above.
Brightly they shine in the calm, deep sky
As your eyes gleam with fire of love.
Ah! 'Tis a dream that will soon be o'er;
'Tis an ecstacy wed to bliss!
Then I feel your lips press mine once more,—
And my soul greets its mate like this!

Dear one! Thou knowest what it signifies,
That thoughts of thee bring tears into mine eyes;
That of my Muse, thou ever art the theme;
That of my rest, thou art the blissful dream;
That of my tempest, thou art e'er the sob;
That of my heart, thou art the racing throb;
That of my soul, thou art the living light,
And that thine image haunts me every night!

Art thou awake? And art thou listening, too?
And art thou as the one among the few?
Oh, how tonight my sad heart aches for thee,
And wonders,—if thou fain would'st come to me!

BECAUSE

I am intoxicated, do you know?
Because I looked too deeply in your eyes;
Because, dear heart, you said you loved me so;
Because my breath is your breath, changed to sighs.

I am intoxicated,—not by wine;
It ne'er could give to me a joy like this,
That makes my trembling soul forever thine.
I am intoxicated by a kiss!

You are my morning, for your dear eyes
Are my sweet and cheery sunshine,
And your tears, my dewdrops shining,
That I fain would kiss away.
Your dear lips are my bright berries
And your sighs my breezes balmy.
O you make the world seem brighter,
For I love you more, each day.

You are my evening, for your dear eyes
Are my wond'rous, gleaming starlight,
And your voice, my lovely songbird,
That doth sing in tones so true.
Your dear breast is my soft pillow,
Where I lie in blissful dreaming,
While my heart, with joyful throbbing,
Tries to tell my love for you.

And now has night, the mystic spirit, come,
To breathe into the breeze a lover's sigh;
To bring the weary rest and then, for some,
To vainly woo with sleep the weeping eye.
Fair Artemis, in argent splendor glides
Once more, across the darkened maze of blue
And smiles upon the earth, and as she rides,
Makes simple maidens seem a lovelier hue.
Oh, wond'rous kiss, that in a shadowed place
Hath forged so quickly that consuming fire,
Which now ignites the lovers in embrace,
And urges them with fatal, hot desire.

Ah, it is torture! Madly laugh at Fate
And curse the lives that found their love,—too late!

GOOD-NIGHT

Good-night!
Oh, why this pause? Why longer gaze?
It cannot be!
Yet all my soul pleads on my lips;
My heart flames in my finger-tips;
Resisting, tortured, magnetized,—
I draw to thee!

Good-night!
And dare I say the night is good?
Thy tender eyes,
That melt my heart, with loving blue,
Will melt my saddened slumbers, too,
In avarice of darkest night,
With unknown ties!

TELL ME

You will return! Ah, yes, you say
You will come back, another day!
Until that day, what shall I do?
How can I live, and not with you?
How can I sleep? How can I rest?
How shall I walk, when in the west,
I see the glorious, setting sun,—
When shadows fall and day is done?

How can I stand beneath the boughs
And dream of all our loving vows
Made in the weird and flickering light,—
Made in embrace, that wond'rous night?
How will I calm my wayward heart,
That thought of you doth throbbing start;
Or cool my longing lips that burn,
And cannot wait for your return!

I LOVE YOU

I do not love you, dearest heart?
Ah, if you knew what pain is mine,
  And if you knew, that 'neath the smile,
My heart is weighed with unborn tears;
How it doth ache, and grieve, and pine,
  And how it cries for you the while,
When parting comes,—when night appears.

I do not love you, dearest heart?
Oh, if you knew what lonely way
  My homeward path doth ever seem;
How cheerless all the earth appears
And how my soul doth yearn and pray,
  That, someday, I shall no more dream,
And no more know these burning tears!

I do not love you, dearest heart?
Know that the minutes seem like years
  And those dull hours—eternity,
That make me long for morning light
To welcome it, with voiceless cheers,
  Because the day brings you to me,
And makes the earth again seem bright!

I do not love you, dearest heart?
Nay, then I do not, if this prove
  That I am cold and thoughtless, too,
And that, someday, I shall forget,—
For all I say can never move
  The feeling deep enough in you!
You still will ask, "You love me, yet?"

WAITING

With tears mine eyes are burning,
And yet I must not cry!
E'en tho' my heart is aching,
I must not grieve and sigh.
But oh, the parting, dearest,
Is harder than you know,
And my sad heart is breaking,—
Because I love you so!

Kiss me again! It is torturing madness!
Mine eyes flow with tears and they burn as they close.
Oh, it is cruel! It is wild, intense sadness!
A sweet, bitter torment, that nobody knows!
Kiss me again!

Kiss me again! In your arms now I languish.
What fathomless sorrow is weighing my heart!
Dearest! Beloved! O hear me,—'tis anguish!
Tomorrow is hastening! O why must we part?
Kiss me again!

Kiss me again, for the hour that is fleeting,—
The hour that is moulding my soul in your breath!
Let your dear heart hear how mine own is beating!
Clasp me, once more,—and then, crush me to death!
Kiss me again!

PART THREE

"I see the river far below,
And take the little glass, to view
Its sunlit waves."

A Heart-ache

PRELUDE

"The Separation"

The little god to mother did complain,
That as a gardener, he knew not success.
Just when his plant would bloom, just when the bud
Should open, ripe with fragrance, then the sun
Hid all its rays by distance and he knew
The plant would die, unless the light returned.
She smiled,—that wise full-blown,—and whispered him
Some mischief and he smiled. "I'll see," he said,
"If I'm a better painter!" 'Twas not long,
Before your letters came and then I knew
What Venus said to Eros! how the boy
Had followed you from port to port abroad!
And so the days were no more sad; the nights,
Though sorrowful, gave dreams of hope sublime;
The walks in old retreats we'd known were sweet
With memory of you; the lake did smile;
The birds made me forget the tale of woe.
Your letters came! One I do cherish yet,
For when I read, I understood that you
Had not forgotten those betrothal vows
And wished for me to hold mine sacred still!
I quote from the page, with the tear in mine eye:
"Desert me not now, dear, or else I shall die!
"For all over Europe, I see but your face,

"Haunting each lake and hillside, bewitching
each place,
"And I ne'er before realized, till thus exiled,
"How I love you and want you, my own poet-
child!"
So Eros had been painting! Clever dear!
He knew how best to bring you back to me!
I blessed his name, the tender child! I begged
He would protect us evermore, the rogue!
Thus, during separation, I did write
The verses that you loved, dear heart, my own!—
Then little thinking that one day,—this day!—
I'd read them o'er with those same, bitter tears
Of separation! Then you did come back,
But now! Dear heart! If you could know my
pain!

SORROW

Today, no letter from my love!
  Oh, why these tears?
Perhaps 'twill come tomorrow then,—
  But ah, these fears!
If not, perhaps another day.
  The days are years!

But, surely, he does think of thee.
  I do not know!
Perhaps he does not care to write?
  O bitter woe!
I cannot longer patient be:
  I love him so!

WERE I A BIRD

Were I a bird, ah, then tonight,
Across the sea, I'd wing my flight,
To seek you out and weeping, say,
How sad is life, when you're away!

LONGING

Sighs in the tree-tops; visions in shadows;
One dream face haunting the moonlit lane;
Mem'ries on hills, in lake and in pathways;
Tears and a longing that's all in vain.
Sleep on the flowers, dew on the meadows;
Sobbing that breaks on night's silent air;
Grief in the heart that's lonely and aching,—
Thoughts of the absent one, everywhere!

THE PLEDGE

The little locket in my hand I hold,
And open it, just as the clock strikes nine,
To gaze upon this image that I kiss,
As I could ne'er love other, dear, than thine!

Tonight, again, my promise I renew,
And oh, I whisper it in earnest truth!
If thou didst only see me now, I know
Thou could'st not doubt me, for my tender youth.

Do thy thoughts, too, return unto that lane,
Where first thou promised to love none but me?
Or wilt thou soon forget the "little heart,"
That with each beat, bears thousand thoughts of thee!

I MISS YOU

I miss your hand that oft held mine;
I miss your tender eyes;
I miss the happy evening strolls,
Beneath the starlight skies.
I miss you, when I walk the streets;
I want you to be near;
I miss your gentle voice, because,
It said you loved me, dear!
I miss your arms that held me long;
A thousand things I miss,
But most of all, and now I weep,—
I miss your loving kiss!

AT NIGHT

When night is dark, and shadows creep,
O dearest love, I cannot sleep!
I think of thee, so far away;
I cry in anguish, for that day;
I clutch my pillow and I weep!

A HEART-ACHE

The thousand noises of the day
  Are beating in a pulse of one,
As now I stand upon the hill,
  Beneath the scorching noon-day sun;
A bird, that in a nearby tree,
  Is warbling love unto its mate,
Makes my breast heave with longing, too,
  For I want you, and I,—must wait!

I see the river, far below,
  And take the little glass, to view
Its sunlit waves and then, I think,—
  This is the glass that we looked thro',
When, in that blissful long ago,
  My heart, with you here, was so free!
The tears now dim my dreaming eyes,—
  O dearest love! I cannot see!

THE RING

O why do my fingers tremble so,
  As the slip I measure now?
Thoughts of a future, dear, with thee,
  Make more treasured every vow.
So restless am I, the time seems long,
  Yet with patient, sweet resign,
I wait for that wond'rous happy day,—
  For that day, when I am thine!

DREAMS

When night is darkest and I cannot rest,
I sit beside the open door and see
The moonlight, shining like a golden crest,
Upon the lawn.

Then all the trees and dwellings slowly fade,
As in a mist, you gently come to me!
Locked in embrace we stand, in shadowed glade,
Until the dawn!

A NIGHT VOICE

Shall I lull thee to sleep, with the mem'ries divine?
Shall I bring thee sweet dreams of the time he was thine?
Sleep, restless maid!

Ah, what bliss must be thine, for I see in thine eyes,
All the joy of the love that his absence defies.
Sleep, happy maid!

But why flies from thy lips now, that sweet smile of cheer?
And alas! Tell me, why on thy cheek is this tear?
Sleep, lonely maid!

I stand at Hippocrene, where the light
Of fair Selene's chariot-course doth play
Upon the purling waters, given birth
By him, the reincarnate of the fay,—
The snake-locked Gorgon,—conquered, and for aye,
Pomona, in the silvered, wide arcades,
With lemon blossoms hangs each golden ball
And passes swiftly onward thro' the grove,
Where Philomela's beauteous trill doth call,
Till midnight's grateful hush is over all.

Euterpe's voice enchants me as the trees,
Trustworthy listeners of a speechless race,
Do nod assent to every song we sing,
And drop into our laps their leaves of lace,
Bearing a breeze's kiss upon each face.
But soon, she, too, doth leave me, and I sink
Upon the crystal ground and give my tears
Unto the fountain and it ripples back
A consolation to my transient fears,
And now, I know the time but seems like years,
Till my Apollo from the east shall rise,
To claim me then, forevermore his own,
With forge of fire, that links my soul to his!
O with a loving kiss will he atone
For leaving me so sad, so long alone!

MOURNING

In fields where the daisies grow, I stand a-dreaming;
The ant seeks its home at the crows' warning call;
No longer the cricket is cheerily chirping
And from the catalpa the white blossoms fall.
The birds in great flocks wing their silent way homeward,
A wind from the west bears the weeds to the ground;
The fire of the heavens illumines the storm cloud
And mighty Thor's voice breaks the stillness profound.
O why should I care that the rain beats down on me?
Ah! 'Tis all in vain that I sorrow and pine!
Thus, as in anguish, I turn my face upward,
The cool tears of heaven are mingling with mine!

AT THE LAWN FETE

Hammocks and lanterns now swing in the breeze,
And girls, with sweet, mischievous eyes 'mong
the trees
Are flitting. The harp and the violins play;
The streamers are flying and laughter is gay,
But my thoughts are flown o'er the sea, far away.

The dance holds its sway with the steps that are
light,
But deep in my heart, there is sadness tonight.
I smile and I bow to the youths waltzing by;
They tell me there's sparkling that gleams in my
eye,
But I know the sparkle's a tear and I sigh.

My partner so fondly is pressing my hand,
But I close my eyes and I think of your land;
He whispers some loving words now in my ear,
But faster I dance; I pretend not to hear.
I know that I love you,—you only, my dear!

IF

If all my sighs could wind a sail;
If all my tears could make a sea;
I know they'd form a gentle gale,
That soon would bear you back to me!

A KISS IN THE LANE

One day, at sunset you and I
O'er pebbled path did pick our way
And I was happy, for my hand
Within your own so fondly lay.
Beneath the boughs that arched o'erhead
We laughed and chatted as we strayed,
Until we paused,—I know not why,—
And something made me feel afraid.
I could not look at you; I knew
That you were gazing then, on me
And tho' I tried to look away,
My naughty eyes would nothing see
But your dear lips that, silent, came
Still closer, till in love they met
Mine own and then my heart rejoiced!
Oh, dearest, I can feel it yet!
Today, in tears, I long for you!
I long for you, dear one, in vain,
And all my soul returns in thought,
To where you kissed me, in the lane!

TORMENT

Will you say our tryst is broken,
When the autumn comes, again?
Will you rue the vow once spoken,
Wishing to revoke it, then?
Oh, I try so much to trust you,—
You, the truest of all men!

Will you frown upon our union,
Doubting that in future years,
I shall love that sweet communion,
Which I long for now, in tears?
O I know that I'm unworthy,
Yet I long to calm your fears!

Will you cling to me as blindly,
When that fever once is o'er,
And correct my faults as kindly,
As you've oft done heretofore?
How I wish I knew your thoughts, dear,
When the ship brings you to shore!

'Tis not enough that thou art gone,
And gone so far, so long away;
'Tis not enough that I, alone,
Endure this yearning every day;
'Tis not enough, that parting thus
Hath torn my bruised and bleeding heart;
O nay, it is not yet enough.—
Thou sendest me a poisoned dart;
A letter that is cruel and cold;
A silent thing that grimly leers;
A bitter thing that doubts me so;
A letter that I read, in tears!
Send thou me more! I bear it all!
Send more, my dear one, for thou art,—
E'en tho' thy words have made me weep,—
The lasting life of my sad heart!

LOVE'S LOGIC

Oh, I would be a sunflower gold,
To greet my lover, when, at morn,
He comes in glory from the east,
O'er wooded hills and fields of corn.

Oh, I would be a sunflower gold,
To weep and mourn for him all night,
For parting makes the greeting sweet,
And pain is lovers' fond delight!

PASSION

Each moment spent from thee apart,
Is lost forever, dearest heart!
For ceaseless time doth gather tears,
And turns not back upon thy years.
It fires thy love, dear one, for me,
And yet, thy ardor takes from thee.
Then, after Death's cruel, hollow tones,
A wild hyena, all thy bones
Will resurrect from mem'ry's grave,
And curse the ocean's briny wave,
That kept thee, when it fain would feast
With thee, in morning's glorious east!

A HEART THAT BLEEDS

A sapling, in a shady grove,
Did sadly weep and wish to die,
But still it lived and struggled on,
Beneath the gloomy winter sky,
Until the springtime gently came
And round the little tree did twine,
Her wondrous gift of sympathy,—
A rare and lovely clinging vine.

What joy the sapling lived to know,
As all its being then did thrill,
For many morns the sun smiled down
Upon the vine that clung there still,
And many eves, the moonlight soft
The outline of those two did trace.
O loving happiness! What bliss!
The sapling in the vine's embrace!

But ah! Alas! What woe is this?
The sapling stands alone tonight,
While ruby tears bejewel the soil,
In comfortless and piteous plight,
For where the tendrils of the vine
Once rooted in the little tree,
There now are wounds so wide and deep,
That scars there evermore will be!

THE GIPSY

She is a girl of gentle grace,
Slight of figure and fair of face;
Her hair is brown, her eyes are bright,—
To see them smile is sheer delight.
Her skin is pure and white as milk;
Her timid hand is soft as silk;
Her step, tho' firm, is light and fleet,
When fast she moves her nimble feet.
To watch her dance, perilous bliss;
Madness, her cherry lips to kiss!
Yet of this wine so sweet and rare,
To still thy thirst, O friend, beware!
Alas! Henceforth thy heart will crave
That drink, and like an ocean's wave
That groans and swells before the squall,
Would bring thy subtle pride to fall;
Would drown thy soul; would crush thy mind,
Which never rest again could find,
Until its fill would drink and drink,
And heart full, in oblivion sink!

J. M.

THE SOUL I GAVE THEE

When thou didst strain me dear, unto thy heart,
And when my head upon thy shoulder lay,
In dreaming and in wond'rous ecstacy,
The world looked different then to me.
'Twas then I felt my throbbing pulses start
To leap with joy, then halt, then race,
Until I was afire and till I pressed
More breathless still, against thine own dear face.
Oh, with that kiss, dear one, I closed mine eyes,
To bar distraction of that moonlit scene,
For as that nameless thing did o'er me steal,
I could not see, dear love, but only feel!
I felt my being thrill with unknown sighs;
I felt that I was thine, and thine fore'er;
I felt that in my soul I gave my all,—
The love, that evermore, I'd have thee share!

MY LETTERS

My letters! My beloved, wond'rous things!
How can I leave you in your box, at rest?
Nay, I must take you out just once again,
To kiss you and to strain you to my breast!
My priceless jewels that queens could never own;
My lights that give more joy than day's dull sun,
A million kisses from a million kings,
Could ne'er buy you nor me, from my dear one.
I blot you with my tears and yet I smile,
Because I know, that someday, there will be,
A letter, saying he is coming home!
Then, all the world will be so bright for me!

A DAY ON THE HILL

The Arrival

Beneath the hoary birch I stand,
To gaze on Nature's wond'rous land.
I see where sheltering hills divide;
I view the valley low and wide;
Behold where man has built his home,
'Neath Nature's endless, big, blue dome,
And where his hand cleft with rude shock,
In her great quarries of the rock.
Where husbandman hath sown his grain,
And where he reaps tenfold again.
For generous ways good Nature hath,—
She gives the shade-tree to his path,
And where her bosom swells with pride,
Her verdure decks that mountain side.
Sweet songsters' trills ring thro' the air,
As beauty greets me everywhere,
And oh, my joy would be complete
To see this earth with cheer replete,
If my dear love were here with me,
To carve our names upon the tree!

Questions

Hush! Upon a tree nearby,
A tiny red-bird winks his eye.
All animation, "Tweet?" cries he,
And turns his pretty head toward me,
To coo, once more, his query, "Tweet?"
I answer him and say, "Come, sweet!

"Come tell me more. What can you say?
"I know you bring me joy today!
"You look so knowing. Tell me why
"You look at me and wink your eye?"
"Tweet?" he replies. "Tweet? Tweet?" once more.
Oh, little bird! My heart is sore!
I have a question, too, and I
Must wait so long for my reply!

Petition

Delightful breeze! Wilt wait for me?
I have a message all for thee,—
'Tis for my love, far o'er the sea!
Thou must away?
Thou canst not stay?
O tell my love, how much today—
But ah! The breeze has hurried by
And leaves me here, alone, to sigh.
Perhaps, a gentler breeze I'll find!
And yet,—that breeze was not unkind;
It dried the tear that dimmed mine eye!

The sun, like earthly ills, seems all too bright.
It seems at standstill, in its dizzy height,
And as its sorching rays beam on the earth,
It clothes the children of fair Nature's birth;
It dries the moisture that in storm last night,
Refreshed the earth and made its green more
bright.

Like fields of snowy cotton now, the clouds go by
And travel slowly eastward, in the bright, blue sky.
I, lost in thought, sit on the cliff's edge here,
And oh! In yonder cloud, I see thy face so dear!
But, nay! Mine eyes deceive me oft, and so
The image was within my heart, I know!

A BATTLE OF WINGS

Two mottled butterflies,—two royal things
Of glossy jet and perfect, golden rings,—
Far higher than the birds, from earth now soar,
Now loose their wings and drop to earth once more.
Now to the left, now darting to the right,
Their gold rings catching all the sunshine bright.
Upon a rock, the first doth pause for rest;
The second, quickly follows there in quest;
Lost in the wind-kissed wild flowers now they seem;
Back on the reeds, where lovely sunbeams gleam;
Now, once again, they fly so high in air,—
Poor little fugitive grows weary there,
Flutters to earth at last and lies there still,—
A royal thing of joy and conquered will.

THE BLUE BIRD

Here he is, at last, bright bird!
He, whose fame so oft I've heard
And as I sit here alone,
How I wish he were mine own.

Ah, sweet bird, you come so near
That I fain would catch you, dear,
And if I hold you at last,—
Rest thee, sweet, I'll hold thee fast!

But so soon I raise mine arm,
Little blue bird takes alarm,
Flies away, so far away,—
Will he come another day?

Thus, in life 'tis ever so:
What we love, we must let go.
For I knew a blue bird, too,
But I will not tell just who!

The battle of the fairest queens is fought.
Sweet Day is slain, and all the western sky
Is streaked with glowing crimson of her blood,
While slowly, on the battlefield now sinks,
Her bleeding heart.
A last, white cloud still lingers there on high,
As if 'twere obstinate o'er that defeat,
And loath to part.
Victorious Night ascends the vanquished throne,
With million jewels in her diadem,
And from her graceful arms, the pearly drops
Of that great struggle fall unto the earth,
In cooling dew.
The opal crescent on her brow, so dark,
Outshines in brilliance, every other gem
Of wond'rous hue.
I lean my head against the birch tree's bark;
I breathe thy name, I sob, I sigh,
And blissful mem'ries of those nights with thee,
Turn into demons, that with voices wild,
Shout in mine ear!
I rise to take a lingering, last farewell.
O mystic longing! Wherefore do I cry?
I want thee, dear!

SUFFERING

Dear love! Dear love! It is so sad tonight;
So sad to lie awake and softly weep;
To try to find thee dearest, thro' the dark,
And raise mine arms, in vain, to plead for thee,
Because thine image will not let me sleep.
I clutch my furnace pillow in despair,
And stifle cries that ever rise like fire,
From that volcano of my fevered breast!
It is so sad to clasp with all my might
The hand that once lay treasured in thine own,
The while I try to banish every care,
As when, within thy tender arms I lay,
Secure in bliss, against thy dear, loved heart!
It is so sad to know I cannot rest,
To lie awake and suffer this alone.
It is so sad to sigh and sob like this;
To feel that I am thine, dear love, all thine,—
My body and my life, my soul is thine;
To try again to feel thy wond'rous kiss,
And know that thou art oh, so far away!

THE LOVE PRISONER

A prisoner am I, but not a prisoner of war;
No hostile army conquered me, nor foe from near or far.
In chains I sigh; in strongest chains that hold me as I squirm
And yet of iron they are not, altho' they are so firm.
A gentle maiden's tender hand has clasped them on my arm,
But even as she drew them tight the maiden meant no harm.
With winsome ways and voice so soft, she was a daring spy.
With subtle art, in secrets deep she coyly went to pry.
Brown eyes, with wond'rous glances, shot sharp darts into my soul,
Sweet poison that would gather there as in an empty bowl.
Her noble words, her glorious thoughts, her songs of beauteous art,
And oh! her smiles, her tears, her kiss all won my willing heart.
A prisoner am I, and yet—what bliss my prison fills!
And oh! the longing it contains, the craving that it stills!
Now should she ope the prison gates, escape I should not try,
And should she offer wings, my soul should never aim to fly.

If she should loose these loving chains to set the captive free
Unless she told him to be gone, he would refuse to flee!

(J. M.)

"Leaden the skies and drowsy the waters, . . .
Fleeing from under me, silver-crowned billows!"
A Fantasy

A FANTASY

Leaden the skies and drowsy the waters,
  Traces of mist in the tepid air,
Decks deserted by travellers and skippers,—
  Only the scout in his lofty lair;
Stamping of engine and rattling of rudder,
  Flapping of canvas and clicking of chain;
Whistling of wind in ropes and in railings;
  Clouds hanging heavy,—precursors of rain;
Fleeing from under me silver crowned billows,
  As I look down on the foaming spray,
Adding yet distance to distance covered,
  Taking me farther and farther away;
Gath'ring around me, gloom of the twilight,
  Tints of a sunset I cannot see,—
Purple and gray with a sense of sadness,
  Stealthily creeping over me;
Straining my eyes to the sinking shadows,
  Fraught with forebodings of grief and despair,
Vainly I ask of the ocean my question
  While at the darkness thus I do stare:
Tell me, thou mighty, why didst thou sever
  Sweetest ties ever mortal felt?
Shall the despondent wanderer never
  Regain that shrine unto which he knelt?
Footsore and heartsore on yonder mountains,
  Shall he be loving and longing in vain?
Monster, thou, tell me, if on thy bosom
  I shall be carried to her again!
Pitiless silence, save murmurs mysterious.
  Ocean, thy answer I cannot face!

What! Shall I nevermore see her, my loved one
Tightly then clasp me in thy embrace!

(J. M.)

ANXIETY

Merone! How I do love but thee,
Priestess of youth, of grace, of art!
'Tis true—"Time bore us far apart!"
Did love not come too late to me?

Love pledges, like peace treaties, have,
Since Helen's time been made to break.
Should beauty not to age forsake
The gift so willingly it gave?

To win your heart is heavenly bliss,
Madness of joy, you to possess!
To lose you,—draught of bitterness,
The poisoned cup, the serpent's kiss!

Oh, for one hour in your embrace,—
One insane hour of ecstacy,—
I'd gladly suffer misery
And pangs of doubt thro' endless space.

Alas! The riddle stays unread,—
The future hidden to the blind,—
The throbbing blood, the troubled mind,—
Unsolved by tears in sorrow shed.

Oh, dearest, ask thy heart again,
If true and faithful it will stay,
Or if the friend it would betray
And reckon him among the slain.

Yea! Let thy heart the truth reveal,—
The truth that kills, or that creates,—
Whatever sin it expiates,—
That dreadful wound would never heal!

(J. M.)

"ANXIETY",—IN ANSWER

Dear love! Tho' time we two did part,
To keep thee, ah, so long away,
Still grows thine image in my heart,
More dear than ever, day by day.

I know that I must prove by test,
That I shall ever keep it clear,
But ah! 'Tis burned within my breast,
So time can ne'er efface it, dear.

How can I know that age will care
For tiresome youth whom it will wed,
And keep that love intact fore'er,
Until she rests among the dead?

To win thy heart doth mean my joy;
To be but thine, doth mean my life;
To lose thee, would be my alloy,
That soon would end the bitter strife!

Alas! The mystery doth remain,
Unsolved by smiles, by sighs, by tears,
And faith must try its own to gain,
By trusting love to calm these fears!

Oh, dear one, ask thy heart once more,
If it will ever faithful be
To her, who ever will adore
And love but one,—that one but thee!

Yes, ask thy heart, hear it and learn,
And may the answer make me glad.
Then haste thee, dear, and soon return
To her, whom thou hast made so sad!

COMPANIONS

Three lights now gleam upon life's way,
  Three lights that cast their ruddy glow
Upon the present, from the past,—
  From days that were, so long ago.
The light of memory brightly burns,
  And brings a sweet and soothing cheer,
The light of longing flickers high,
  Beneath the sad and craving tear.
Still brighter glows the light of hope,
  That makes the present gloom seem less,
For like a beacon light it streams
  Upon the future happiness!

O go! Pray go! I beg thee, dear!
Tonight, 'tis more than I can bear!
Go! This is madness,—dost thou hear?

Ah, misery! Oh, torturing woe!
Thou smilest at my grief drawn sighs,
And when my cheek is laved by tear,
I feel thy lips upon it, dear!
Thy hand upon my pillow lies.
I clasp it joyfully! Ah, no,—
'Twas not thy hand. I was misled.
I toss in anguish, ope mine eyes,—
The moonlight shines upon my bed,
And with its flickering,—thou hast fled!

So wakeful and so restless now I lie,
To watch Aurora, who with rosy feet,
Doth light the pearly lustre of the sky,
And with the crickets' cheery song doth greet
The glorious splendor of the King of Day,
Who floods the tender pink of lotus flower
With gold of buttercups, in brilliant ray,
While rising slowly, in majestic power.

Farewell, then, thou oppressive, gloomy night!
Farewell! At last, dawn gently comes to me,
To penetrate thee with returning light,
For oh, my loved one comes from o'er the sea!
All hail, Apollo! Hail! He comes,—my king!
My king of music and the king of day!
He, whom I wish my god in everything,—
My dear Apollo and my king for aye!

PART FOUR

"Then as we looked,
We knew! We knew the river of our love!"

PRELUDE

"The Return"

You did come back! You named our wedding-
day!
You were impatient for your youthful bride!
We smiled through happy tears! We felt the joy
That beckoned from the future through our love!
The breach of years meant nothing; 'twas the mind
That could bear all before it. It was love,
That ruled all lofty sentiments we knew!
But, oh what woe! We had not asked the world!
What folly to be doing as one would!
Ulterior motives were ascribed to me;
Harsh, sage advice applied to your own good!
Friend, foe and fiend did warn us of results!
And all were then agreed it could not be!
I wept; you wept; we wondered if 'twere true
That human nature could be as they said!
We hesitated, doubted, suffered much!
Again we visited the realm of hope,—
Those green Kentucky hills, awaiting frost.
In autumn air we waited for a sign,
To guide our instincts or to prove the world
Knew best! So, one day, at Fort Thomas, bare
In autumn's sadness, in the rain we stood,
Just gazing at the river far below,
And watching it, as once it flowed in spring!
It was the same, young, old, or new, or wide,

Or deep, or calm, or clear, or muddy, blue,
Or dashing o'er the rocks that troubled it,—
It ever was the same! Then, as we looked,
We knew! We knew the river of our love!
We knew ourselves as ne'er before we could!
We trembled with the joy of confidence;
We planned our lives, both feeling that the years
From two poetic souls would never take
Away those early visions. Disposition,
Natural lovingness, contempt for all
The world of sham, of show and faithless love,
Did bind us still more surely, for we felt
The wisdom of our union. How we laughed
At all the world, at all the tongues untired,
Until, December came,—the twentieth,—
And we found refuge in the harbor, safe!

RELEASE

Into my life you came, dear light,—
Into my soul, in darkest night.
Earth has been holy, earth has been bright,
Just this to know!

Now from my life you take its bliss,
Out of my soul, would take your kiss!
Oh, you have let me live, for this,—
Just for this woe!

No! you are mine, as e'er before!
No! you are mine forevermore!
Where is escape? Ah, death is the door!
Gladly I go!

It is so dark, dear, give me thy hand;
Let thy sweet eyes light the way.
Back to my old, dismal chasm I go,
Farewell to thee, my sweet day!
It is so rough, dear; it is so cold!
Why are the rock walls so steep?
They are the mem'ries that mock as I pass,
And waterfalls over them weep.
It is so damp; I shiver and cry!
Yonder, a flame brightly burns!
E'en as I greet it, a phantom appears;
The cave into furnace now turns!
Save me, sweet dear, for I smother; I burn!
Save me, from this awful fire!
But thou wilt not come and I beat on my breast,
And I fight with the demon, Desire!
Thou knowest my youth is a curse of despair!
Thou knowest how thou art my life!
And still must I live in this torture? Ah, no!
Better death, than to ne'er be thy wife!

IN EDEN

The river far down in the valley,
  Flows restlessly on past the hill;
The lights of the city are twinkling,
  Like jewels in the wheel of night's mill.
But slowly in firmament darkened,
  The real gems appear now to gleam,
And I, with the night all around me,
  Would know that this torment were dream!
Yet I sit with my hand in your own, dear,
  And I feel your sweet lips on my brow,
And I thought that it truly was Eden,
  Till a sorrow o'erwhelmed me, just now.
But why should this sadness oppress me?
  And why should I yearn, dear, and sigh?
These moments are lights artificial,—
  The real gems will come, by and by.

A NAME

A name I give thee; 'tis a name
  That ne'er is formed by mortal lips;
That calls thee in the evening hour,
  In touch of burning finger-tips;
A name that mortal ears ne'er heard;
  A name that but my soul can give;
A name that shouts in racing pulse;
  A name that means thy kiss shall live!

GLOOM

Gray is the winter sky,
  Barren and gloomy and gray;
And heavy the heart, that I
  Must bear in my breast, today!

PRAYER

The night is still, so dark, so deep,
And I am sad, yet do not weep,
Because this sorrow, this great grief,
Has sought too oft for some relief.
I cry for what I cannot find
In Nature's cheer, or human kind.
I raise mine arms towards starry sky,—
"Thou great Unknown," in vain, I cry.
"I ask not balm, or death's release,
"But give me peace! Oh, give me peace!"
My heart with fear, like little child,
Beats restless still,—now calm, now wild.
I know that with this endless thirst
My longing soul fore'er is cursed!
The night is still, the night is deep,
And I am sad, yet cannot weep!

Where have they gone, when night is on the hill?
Where do they gleam till morning light?
See! Shadows creep; there is no sound,
And man doth sleep in peace profound.
But I alone, a mortal mite,
Born of the earth, yet joyless, hopeless still,
In anguish, tearless, foot my way;
Despairing, fearless, curse the day
And weakened, cheerless, cry and pray
With burning lips, that life were o'er!
I cry to God it were not so!
Yea, to that God whom others know!
Hear me in spirit just once more!
Hark to the voice from gloomy cave!
Hark to the soul from yawning grave!
I cry to God, "Why must this be?"
The night grows darker,—I am free!

And thou wilt laugh! Thou know'st not woe!

THY VESSEL

Oh, I would be thy priceless ship,
With sails of purity, all white,
That rides the tide, so proud and trim,
Upon the moonlit waves, at night;
And I would have thee be the wind,
That I might cater to thy whim,
To have thy voice guide me aright.

My cargo would be golden store,—
The thoughts of thee, and dreams, and smiles
And shining pearls of longing tears,
That came to shore on Sorrow's isles.
I'd harbor in the bay of Day,
While on the coast of Night, for years
I'd voyage many happy miles.

Sweet Eros would my helmsman be,
Upon the stormy sea of Life,
So that when cunning pirates hail,
He would make war unto the knife.
Thus, all would pass and all would know,
That it were ever no avail,—
He'd be victorious in the strife!

COMPLAINT

The brook is weeping! Yes, it is the sound
Of raindrop tears, from melancholy sky;
It weeps, because the lovely flowers must die;
Because, depressing silence, all around,
Is broken only by the wind's sad sigh.
For, in the summer days, this little stream,
All eagerness, did tease the sleeping moss,
That on the banks, cared not for gain or loss,
But ever droll, enjoyed perpetual dream,
As tho' the light of life were only dross.
O Autumn! But a child thou art as yet.
Still thou dost make a woman's mischief here,
By slaying all that once gave hearts sweet cheer!

THE MYSTIC

Oh, the grandeur of the sunset!
  Oh, the pain of unborn tears!
Oh, the wond'rous, voiceless longing,
    And the mystery of years.

Oh, the stillness of the evening!
  Oh, the beauty of the sky!
As the rosy hours wing onward,
  As the moon appears on high.

Oh, the tender throbbing, throbbing,
  Pulsing in this soulful calm!
Oh, the lips that give my heart-ache,
  Magic joy of their sweet balm!

AN AUTUMN SUNSET

O silent autumn sunset, thou art sad!
Thy crimson light, with weird and fiery gleam,
Like dragons of some wond'rous fairy dream,
Doth make me fear to gaze so long on high;
Doth bring the tear unto my ready eye,
And make my longing heart almost grow mad,
As angry bull, against some streamer bright,
Because I sigh and wildly weep, in vain;
Because, now calm, I know unending pain,
That lives in silent sunset of this day!
Thy mystic purple lingers in the sky,—
A curtain, for the tragedy of night!

TWILIGHT

O I love the wond'rous twilight,
With its tender thoughts of you;
With its great, mysterious silence
And its sky of lotus hue!

As I see its growing shadows,
As I feel its deepening calm,
Something makes my soul grow sadder;
Something makes my bruised heart qualm.

Then, with tears, I turn me westward
And I penetrate the gloam,
While a voice within me whispers,
"Thus forever thou shalt roam!

"Thus, forever in the shadows
"Of a love that is thy curse,
"All thy soul shall crave for mercy,
"But to find it in thy hearse.

"Thus, forever, thou shalt linger,
"Gazing on thy life's sweet sky.
"For thy lover is the twilight,
"With the sunset in his eye!"

Yet, I love the wond'rous twilight,
And its darkening shadows, too;
With its sky of lotus lustre,
And its tender thoughts of you!

ALONE

To be alone!
Who knows the phantoms that e'er haunt the
weary mind,
In sepulchres that never are unsealed?
Who knows what peace the sad heart tries, in
vain, to find,
In burning thoughts that cannot be revealed?

And now, I walk alone, far from my light,
Upon a level plain, thro' darkest night;
Forever looking back, with sorrow's tear,
Up to the mount that e'er to me is dear,—
The days that were!

That night, I'll drink to thee the wine that gives
The longest, lasting bliss of all!
The wine that means for me a joy that lives,
When autumn weeps and sad leaves fall.
That night, I'll think of those great nights with thee,
When 'neath the boughs, I kissed thy face,
And of that night which now can never be,—
That longed for night of love's embrace!

REALITY

To stand alone, where yet thy loving breath,
Like wond'rous incense halos all the air;
To hear thy tender voice still in mine ear;
To see thy spirit image everywhere;
To clasp my hands, still tingling with thy touch;
To feel tears lave the imprint of thy kiss;
To sink in anguish, yearning so for thee,—
What mortal knows the hopeless pain of this!

THE AFTER-PARTING

Comfortless, silent, I tread in thy footprints,
Blessing the earth that thy dear feet have
treasured;
Loving the shadow thy fond form doth bear me;
Knowing that sadness,—the sorrow unending.
Now thou art gone, like the weird light of marshes;
Sinking in quicksand, I seek for some landing;
Weeping, I watch thee borne far in the distance;
Lonely, 'neath night's starry sky I am standing!

LINKED

I gaze on thee,—my heart is wild!
It beats against its prison breast.
I close mine eyes in anguish now,—
Once more, my hand by thine is pressed.

Why must our paths divided be?
What is the world that it would take
That which it gave us for our own,
That which is ours to build, or break?

No, no! The world is cruel and cold;
The world is false; the world is cursed!
It has its laws? I have mine, too!
And mine are just and mine come first!

By all the might of human power,
By all the light of love divine,
E'en tho' the world deny my right,—
Still I am thine, dear love, all thine!

Long shadowed vale, alas, where is thy end?
Unspoken summons, wilt thou echo here?
Behold! One day to my poor soul denied,
Doth seem the famine of an endless year!
Come back, thou who art gone into the night!
I cannot enter here, for I am blind,
And mem'ries of today, like phantoms, rise
To cry that other peace I ne'er will find.
And so I slay my pride, my broken will.
I place them on the altar, at thy feet.
There, too, at last I place my heartless life
And know that death near thee, must be so sweet!
Beloved idol! Hear me! Smile upon
My worthless sacrifice that would atone
For insults, injuries and mockery,
And each offense that, contrite, I bemoan!
Yea! Pity take and when thy journey's o'er,
I shall be waiting humbly in thy way,—
Not at the morrow's vale, for thou wilt come
Back to the jewelled portals of today!

ELEGY

Dreary the day and cold.
Where art thou?
Wild is the wind and bold.
Where art thou?
Silent the earth and numb;
Birds that once sang are dumb.
Where art thou?

Spring that was fair and bright,
Where art thou?
Voice that would haunt at night,
Where art thou?
Love that in moonlight grew
Tender, and deep, and true,—
Where art thou?

REPROACH

If thou wouldst come to me, when day is o'er;
If thou wouldst take my hand in thine;
If thou wouldst hold me in thine arms;
What wond'rous joy would then be mine;
If thou wouldst come to me, in this sad hour;
If thou wouldst never go away;
How sweet would life then be for me,—
If thou wouldst only come,—to stay!

ENCORE

Laugh! Art thou mad?
  Laugh, I say!
(Oh, I am sad!)
  Come, be gay!

This, then, is youth.
  Love is woe.—
This, then, is truth!
  Say 'tis so!

Build fond hopes high,—
  Crush them, then!
Care not for sigh!
  Come! be men!

PART FIVE

"My soul finds rest in this sweet air,
Serene, just as my love and I!"

Forever Thus.

PRELUDE

"The Flower Unfolded"

How much of love has Eros caused the world
To write, to read, to sing, to speak, to feel!
It is a wond'rous joy, emotion's height,
A mountain peak, a scarlet band, a wealth
Of fair delight that beckons, coaxes, charms
All creatures of the earth to find themselves
Within themselves and realize the power
That thrusts the budlets into blooming grace.
Yet, of the multitude, how many save
The precious price while bidding for the plant?
How many, winning it, do weep with woe,
With grief concealed in caverns of the heart?
How many pluck the petals with a laugh,
And feast upon the blackened stem, decay,—
The rotteness of lust, the foul of flesh,
Unsanctified rejoicing and delight!
There are some few who worship beauty in
The forms of flesh for beauty's sake, alone,
And take not from the flower its bloom, its art,
Nor from its petals that entrancing blush
Which ever should remain. It has its root
Far deeper than is known to blinded ones,
It dwells within the heart and yet, that heart
Is fed upon detail, the countless things
That make life's days like silver-lining clouds!
Would that all chosen ones could know what rest,

What peaceful beauty, what serenity
Lies hidden in the mind that seeks its mate
Upon ethereal level, there content
To know the richer joys of holy Truth!
What bliss we came to know in marriage, then!
How you, all noble, did uplift my soul
With gentle, quiet hands, to Music's self
All consecrated! Like a bird, I poised
With fluttering heart, a captive in the air!
How, hovering there, I found I was not winged
To fly up to your mountain-heights and so,
I settled in the shade, all happy then,
To find I was a flower, instead,—a silent,
Anxious, loving shade that lived in you!
And thus, at morn, at noon, at eve, I heard
Your tender voice that told how much you loved
The flower along your path, how sweet it was
To come so late in life, whose bitterness
Now faded! Dearest love! What happiness to
know
I could mean that to one so noble, true!

Another night!
The weary maiden takes her gown,
The night-robe white,
And lifts it o'er her head, till it falls down,
A beauteous sight,
About her feet in snowy shower.
Then, like the lily, purest flower,
She clasps her hands upon her breast
And seeks her loveless couch for rest.

Another night!
The happy maiden smiles and takes her gown
And lifts it high.
Then, softly round her, lets it flutter down,
While in her eye,
There is a fire. Her cheek doth glow
With blushes of the rose, for oh!
What sweet alarm! What fond delight!
It is the maiden's wedding night!

OFFERTORY

They are thine own!
These ivory globes that rise like billowed seas,
Disturbed by undercurrent of a breath,
That crave the touch of thy dear hand,
That 'neath thy kisses warm, expand,—
Would they had tongues, to pledge themselves
till death!

They are thine own!
And one, Olympian-like, doth proudly rise,
To guard the treasure that is thine, alone!
Parnassus, too, as e'er before,
Thy music, wond'rous, claims to store!
And both are thine, dear love, thine own!

TRUST

Trust not thy gold to me;
Trust not thy fame;
Trust not thy life to me;
Trust not thy name.
But trust thy love to me;
Trust in my care,
And in my love for thee,—
Dearest, fore'er!

Love dreams! Love dreams again in my soul!
Rising to greet thy kisses!
Portal wakening wide,
Opened by thy gold key,
Treasured alone by thee,—
Satrab of the high priest, Love!

Mirror of my soul! What find I there?
Buried in myself, a thing unending,—
Ending yet with thee.
Pulse that feels my giving!
Trembling that loves thee living!
Fountain of the flower land, Love!

Life from her priceless store of old
Showers on thy heart the ages!
Eyes but to make mine glow,
Seeking myself within them,
Trusting that e'er I'll win them,—
Ego of my own soul, Love!

What is this joy that wrestles with my breath?
Wherefore this trembling of mine anxious limbs?
I fain would speak with thee, but nay, thy lips
Take from my tongue the fond, sweet thought!
So I embrace thee gently, dearest one,
And feel thy answer, tho' thou speakest not!
What rapture ours! In silent ecstasy,
My heart beats faster 'gainst thy breast and cries,
"Thou lovest me! Dear one! Thou lovest me!"

MY HAND

I press it to my jealous lips!
I kiss its sacred finger-tips,
As pilgrim, at some holy shrine,
Would kiss a relic!
  I kiss the palm that I love more
  That I have ever loved before,
Because that flesh was kissed by thine,
    At Love's great temple!

Unto that mouth which feels unrest,
Unto the hollow of my breast,
I clasp it, with sweet sorrow's tear,
In sadness tender!
  I bear my teeth upon it now,
  And in the night, to thee I vow,
With something of that throbbing fear,
    I shall be faithful!

I kiss my hand! I think of thee!
And wond'rous joy doth come to me,
Like maddened waters rushing wild,
In mountain valley.
  Then, deep and calm, like waveless lake,
  Still joyful do I lie awake,
To call thy name, like little child,
    Because I love thee!

We went to the theatre, night before
And saw a play that shocked me sore,
'Twas called, "Today."
For a bride, 'twas a terrible thing to know,
A wife could deceive a husband so.
I thought that was, "Yesterday!"
But my loved one says the story is true!
How shocking! What will the world come to?
Let's hasten, "Tomorrow!"

"AT HOME"

The day is o'er and lamplight joins
  The growing gloom upon the street.
Pit-pat! Upon the roof o'erhead,
  The rain-drops fall to still retreat.
And far below, the rain in pools,
  Mocks at the light that nestles there,
While I gaze out, with waiting eyes,
  All cozy, in my great arm-chair.
Pit-pat! Upon the window-sills,
  My crimson flowers now bend to greet
And watch with me,—my heart so full!—
  Those steps I love again to hear!

FOREVER THUS

Oh, lovely earth, so bright, so fair!
  Oh, wond'rous beauty of the sky!
My soul finds rest in this sweet air,
  Serene, just as my love and I.

Oh, thou! Oh thou, who by my side,
  Keepst step with my untiring feet,
While I, my heart aglow with pride,
  "Thou art my all!" do still repeat!

My hand, clasped fondly in thine own,
  Feels thy upholding as we go;
As o'er the path thou guidest me,—
  I, wishing it were ever so!

Ay, dear, I fain would have it be,
  That thus, untiring, we might wend
Life's winding way,—thou guiding me,—
  My hand in thine, until the end!

INFLUENCE

If your eyes, dear, do not gleam
  From upon my waking pillow,
Into nightmare turns each dream,—
  All the world seems weeping-willow!

But, when every morn, I feel
  Thy lips press mine own with kisses,
All the earth seems blessed with weal;
  All the world seems full of blisses!

A WISH

Far more, oh loved one, do I wish,
That death from me would take thee,
Than that the world should one day cause
Thy love to e'er forsake me!

MEMORY

Oh, it was sweet! So sweet, dear love!
'Twas sweeter than you e'er will know,
To be near you in those glad days,—
Those joyous days of long ago!

And sweeter, still, it seemed to me,
To feel your arm about me, when
We strolled beneath the starlit skies,—
I was so free and happy, then!

But sweetest, was to feel my heart
Melt all away, beneath the heat
Of those loved kisses that you gave!—
Oh, dearest love! It was so sweet!

THE INTERVAL

O mystic darkness!
Charms of Egyptian nights are all thine own!
Music of ages echoes in thy breast;
Lights that are felt, unseen gleam in thine eyes,
For thou, of all soul spirits, art alone,
In that thou dost revolt, where hours know rest!

O mystic darkness!
I do not chide thee, tho' my lips, which wail,
Draw in the air, for wanting fruits of thee!
And tho' from thy true channels I must sail,
Still pleading do I anchor! Charm thou me!

THE BREACH

Across the bridge of dreams tonight,
In golden gleam of soft moonlight,
Dear, come to me and call my name,
And whisper that we are the same!
Forgive! Forget! Oh, dearest, say
That we can be as yesterday!

A WINTER EVENING

Every eve, a mist hangs o'er me,—
  Blinds mine eyes and deafs mine ears,
As my spirit spurs it backward,
  Down the ladder of the years.
    While the leafless trees are fretting,
    While the sun, in sorrow setting,
                Calls to me!

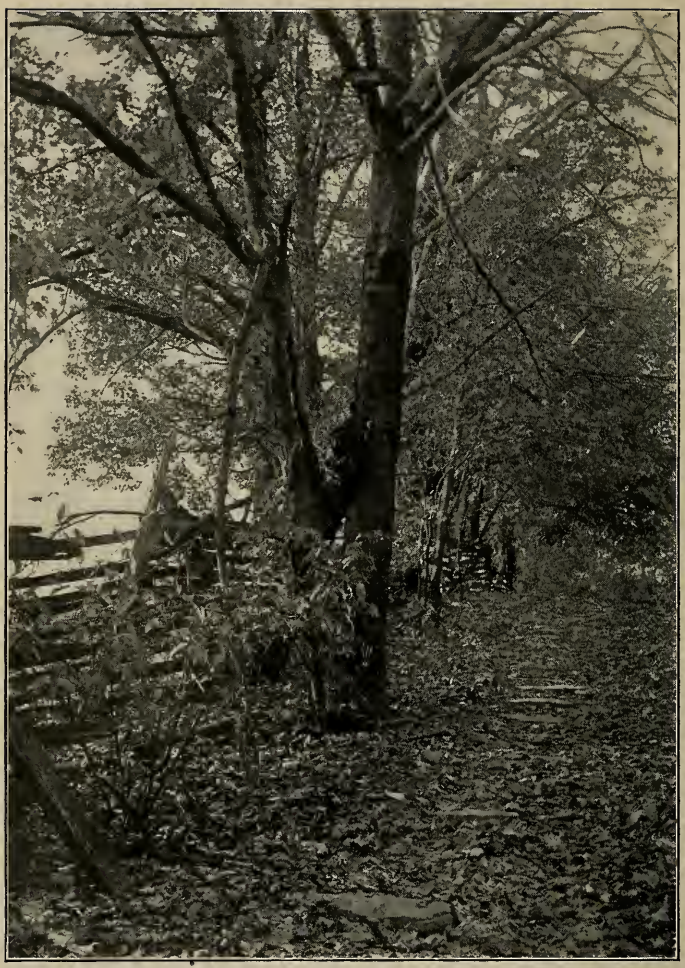
Then, my silent soul, transported,
  Dwells upon the hours we knew;
Seeks its way thro' memory's dreamland;
  Lingers on the love that grew!
    Little snowflakes white, now drifting,
    Signifying grand uplifting,
                Call to me!

All alone, I sit a-dreaming.
  On my cheeks are memory's tears,
But my spirit soars on upward,
  Up the ladder of the years,
    While the silvery sleighbells, tinkling,
    While the lovely stars, all twinkling,
                Call to me!

A PLEA

If thou but love me, I can bear the pain,
Of hope destroyed;
If thou but kiss me, I can brave the wound,
Of bitter word;
If thou but pardon, I can gain against
Ambition's void;
But if thou love me not, the world is filled
With woe unheard!

So love me, dear! My waywardness, I know,
Doth make thee smart!
My youth is headstrong and it wields
A reckless knife.
Believe me, that unconsciously it wounds,
For in my heart,
I love but thee, and so, forgive, sweet dear,
Thy contrite wife!



"Why should I weep that Autumn is unkind?
Thou art my summer all the long year through!"
In my Heart

IN MY HEART

Why should I weep that Autumn is unkind,
And that she kills the roses I have loved?
Why should I grieve that songsters fly away;
That autumn's breath is sharp and far too cold;
That all the lovely sky grows dull and gray,
And that her wind is wild and much too bold?
Have I not thy sweet cheek against mine own?
Just as the summer rose once nestled there!
And is thy breath not tenderness divine,
That makes oblivion of the chilly air?
Is not thy voice my wond'rous songbird, still?
And if I pine for summer's skies of blue,
Are not thine eyes my lovely azure joy?
Thou art my summer, all the long year through!

THE STORM

A storm sleeps in the bosom of the night,
And restless, throws her mantle o'er the sky,
With flashes fiery and with groaning voice.
'Tis such a night as this, the weary die.

Within my heart a storm doth slumber, too,
And rocks my trembling spirit to and fro.
No fire is flashed,—mine eyes are calm and clear,
For this storm holds the death I long to know.

Oh, I am ill! The world knows not my pain,—
Mine is the illness that is born with life;
Mine is the grief of dark, forbidding night;
An illness that will ever mean a strife!

Rage thou, oh storm! 'Twere better that thy breath
Destroyed my labored, weary heart-beats soon
Than that my years should know more burden, still,
And never taste of peace, that traveller's boon!

Rage thou! Rage on! Tear down the rocks so bleak!
Rage thou against the mountains of the years
And hurl the boulders into mankind's path!
Bring down the torrent of the last, wild tears!

A REGRET

Within the door, my love doth bide.
My love, I name him, as my heart,
Like peaceful waves at eventide,
All sweetly sighs, to sting, to smart.
For my dear love,—he is not I.
He cannot see how bright the stars
Gleam down upon me from the sky,
Or know that he my gladness mars.
He dwells within, 'neath lamplight's glow,
While I, all lonely, muse and weep,
For he knows not I love him so,
Hence do I bid my passion sleep!

GOOD MORNING

Good morning, dear love! From the sky overhead
The laboring sun gilds a path for thy feet;
The meadow flowers wake and the little larks trill.
Do you hear what they sing, dear? O life is so sweet!

Good morning, dear love! The fair night I have blessed,
For it brought me glad dreams,—the fond visions of thee;
But I know now, that day is the sweeter, by far,
For it brings thee, my loved one, my dearest, to me!

MY AUTUMN

Thou art my autumn, dear,
For thou hast known the wonders of the spring;
For thou hast known of sultry summer storms
And long ago, heard how the wild birds sing.
Tis now, in ever loving, beauteous forms,
Thou paintest leaves of life with finest gold,
Yet sadly crying that thou art too old!

Ah, for the time that brings me summer's glow!
That time when thou wilt be my winter, white,
For I shall love thee more than e'er, I know,
Because thou art my love, my life, dear light!
And when, 'neath winter's snows my autumn lies,
Behold then, too, how summer's vision dies!

A YEAR AGO

O memories that drift with tears,
  Along the river Time,
Would I could call ye back for real.—
    To live again, those blissful hours;
    To feel thy sorrowed joy that towers,
  Like guilt of buried crime,
      A year ago!

O summer night, what turmoil thou
  Didst cause, with tranquil stars!
What fond ideals thy breath did bear!
    And still, within my soul they lie;
    Still sleeping, as beneath that sky,
Remembering thy weeping wars,
      A year ago!

A RETROSPECT

Oh, Washington! And does thy river flow
Still maidenly, o'er fair Potomac plains,
Where peace abides, and where he loved me so?
Are yet its waters green as my home hills,
Here, where we dwell, to fight against world ills?
'Twas on thy soil that I became his love,
And knew the sacred tie that made me his!
'Twas there, so joyously, we two did rove,—
For I was proud to be his very own,
And he, in that first love, was mine alone.
I do not chide thee, but thy memory brings
A longing, tearful sigh and deep regrets,
For life makes love know, too, of other toil
And I,—am lonely! So my memory cries
For but one day of those 'neath thy fair skies!

TANGLES

The wind is tangling my hair, dear;
  The wind, with caresses warm.
The sunlight nests in it, sparkling;
  The sunlight with wond'rous charm!
And I am thy siren,—I,
Who courted thy lips with a smile!

My memory dwells on one evening,—
  The evening when thy warm breath,
Made tangled cords in my heart, dear,—
  My heart, that had known of death!
And now, only love dwells there,—
The love that is ever thine own!

"TO MY WIFE"

I love you, just for love's sake, dear,
With love so true, so kind!
And if, sometimes, I shed a tear,
It is because I find
That fate has blessed me, when I thought
Your love was not for me,
And oh, I wonder very oft,
If really, it can be
You love me, just for love's sweet sake,
Or if, perhaps, some day,
Your love and youth at last will break
The fetters in their way.
For time will fade the eyes of blue,
That love but yours, alone,
And life will seek a brighter hue,
To mock at you, my own.
And yet, your ideal soul I know!
Your spirit, noble, just,
Loves much too deep to care for show,
Or violate a trust!

J. M.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

We are home from the party, the vain, silly show!
Where the fools dance and yell and the simpletons laugh,
And the whiskey-fogged brains at the punch-bowl do quaff,
Till I wonder if this as a pleasure they know!
Oh, husband, what peace, just to lie on your arm,
Away from the giggling, low-grovelling swarm,
And to know the serenity,—true, lasting charm,
Of your intellect noble, that theirs cannot grasp!

FOREBODING

Dear! Spring has come again! O let us go
To old Fort Thomas,—scene of that first kiss!
How oft we have been there! We love the place
And yet, sometimes, I feel, when thy dear face
Leans to mine own, our joy is much too real!
We two have been on dizzy heights and we
Experienced there all that a mortal knows!
'Tis time we die, we two! I weep so oft,
And know not why, except from saddened joy,
Because Love cannot give us more than this!
We have known all! Life holds no higher bliss!

I thought my happiness complete,—but no!
What mortal woman yet hath found it so?
I dreamed that I had won thee, mine fore'er!
But ah! It is not so! It cannot be!
I dare not keep thyself,—a gift to me!
I dare not claim thee and I dwell in fear!
For many days, a soulful, pleading tear,
Knows that it begs in vain, for thou, my art,—
Thou, life-blood of my miser's heart,—
Thou art not mine, alas, for She will claim
What is her own, by right of her long fame!
O could I keep thee mine! O could I pray
To Death to spare thee, dear,—to leave my day,
My life with thee, just as we live it here,—
To keep thee e'er with me, my own, my dear!

PART SIX

"What of love's blooming flower?
It droops upon the mountain's breast in death,
While from it grows invisible the sting
Of haunting memory in madness born!"
Death

PRELUDE

"Death"

Death? Death! Oh, say it not to me who love
Him better than the sound of swelling bells,
Than summer's night, than life, than love itself!
Sweet Harper, are thy strings so mute that thou
Canst find no melody to strike to me,
Like clinging garments of an unreal fear?
What vague, eternal sadness in my heart!
Oh, must he, then, know other peace than that
Which oft he vowed that I, alone, could give?
He ope'd his eyes just now and in their blue
I saw the light that made me weep, because
It was the same that challenged me, one day,
To that first kiss! It was the light serene
That smiled through tears, when throbbing thrilled
us both!
It was the ghost of that which oft said, "Come!"
And I, enchanted, drew up to his breast,
To hear him tell the wonder ever new, though old,
Of how he came to love me, how I made
Our marriage sweet. He called me Sappho,
And Paulina, while I placed my hand
Within his own. Thus, hours we sat at eve,
Beside our hearth, with lovelight for our fire!
Thus, thro' the day, we roamed about the hills
To seek a quiet spot, where, undisturbed,
We worshipped Nature and he called me fair!

Death, can you not tell by his glance he fain
Would bide with me? Have I not sacrificed
Myself enough to spare him? Have I not
At mountain springs consoled him, while my heart
Bled at your thrusts? Now, let me plead once more!
He calls! He calls for me! All that I say
Is "Dearest!" More than that my burning throat
Lets not to pass my longing lips! He signs!
He moves to speak! How shall I hide the tears?
Nay, they must fall upon his pillow thus!
And now, I hear him say, "Remember! You,
"Who have been all to me, companion, nurse,
"Child, woman, councellor, my soul-mate, wife,—
"Remember!" Does he know it is the end?
Can he know the kiss I give is that
Which is the last? What of love's blooming flower?
It droops upon the mountain's breast, in death,
While from it grows invisible, the sting
Of haunting memory, in madness born!

How I have wept for thee, my Seneca!
How I have wished, that thro' this gloom of night,
Death would descend upon us like the hawk
Eating the pain from out our mortal flesh.
Is this, then, life to us who so have loved?
To us, who know the evil of men's hearts?
Thinkst thou that years of distance bring ideals?
Hast thou, then, at thine age been giving heed
To that dark-born, foul-fostered, brainless creed,
That would have thee believe thy soul lives on?
O Sèneca! Beloved Seneca!
The highest realms are in thy soul itself,
That fades with thee, because it is of thee.
'Tis cowardly, thou say'st, to take the life
Forced down on us thro' Nature's erring womb?
Thinkst thou that honor lies without the tomb?
Thinkst thou forever, in this growing gloom,
We must live on, beloved Seneca!
Why wilt not come with me and steep thy sense
Deep in deceit that cheats dull Nature's course?
'Tis then thou wilt face truth and in that hour
Learn all the folly of existence false,
That leads thee on with hope, yet fighting thee!
Come, then, with me! We shall reverse the tale
Of how Paulina,—she of blessed mind-love—
Grew pale and shadowed by the sleep that sighed
Within her bursting bosom while she cried.
Know how Paulina for her husband died!
Oh, Seneca! Beloved Seneca!

IN THE MOUNTAINS

Oh, the long, weary waiting in the mountains!
Oh, the tears that leap from poisoned fountains!
Oh, the mournful, dreadful howl,
Of the screeching, wailing owl,
And Death's fingers on the throat of my beloved!

Back, ye shadows, where the acorns dropping,
Signify that summer's life is stopping!
Oh, ye mocking, tranquil stars,
Hiding Destiny's cruel bars,
And the dismal, dark foreboding in my heart!

A SOLITARY STROLL

The daisies nod; the apples fall;
The birds fly home; the moon doth rise,
And I, alone, turn towards the inn,—
Alone, where once he walked with me,
His gentle arm about my waist,
His dear, low voice, caressing, kind,—
Reflecting how his noble mind,
Sought to express in everything,
That we must keep from life the sting
That gives but bitterness in taste.
For when he spoke, 'twas tenderly,
And I was thrilled through all my soul,
To find in him, I found my goal!
Why do I pause now at the gate?
Oh, Death! Oh, Death! Come late! Come late!
Up at my lover's windows, I
Now gaze and gaze and wondering why
It must be thus that he lies ill,
It must be thus that death will come
To take him, that we walk no more
Except on memory's tragic shore!

THE LONG VIGIL

The trembling voice that first spoke at thy breath,
The sigh, the tear, the whispered vow now sleep!
They were too much for one great love to keep;
I give them back to thee in this sweet death!

Is this the moon that once smiled down
  Upon the trysting place of yore;
Upon the hillside green with grass
  And rich in spring's own flowery store;
That shot a glance beneath the boughs
  Of one great oak, discovering there
Twin souls that pledged themselves to love?
  O was that not a wond'rous pair!
Is this the same,—this moon that hides
  Its face in woe at this sad sight?
For time has brought a different scene
  And still the lovers part "Good-night!"
Yet stately blue gleams not on them;
  No starry sky lends charm to aid,
But dismal walls and sorrowed cot
  Demand their happiness be paid!
From where He lies in breathless pain,
  Her lover seeks the moon once more
And murmurs, "Fate! Oh, was I wrong?
  "No, no not wrong, when once before,
"Yon moon smiled down and maddened me
  "And made me clasp her close for mine,
"To love, to keep, to bind fore'er,
  "To bid her lips taste of life's wine!"
He sees her at his bedside still,
  Caressing him with trembling hand;
He feels the tears that silent fall,
  And falling, tighter draw the band
Of Love's sweet self that chastened sits
  Beside the Lover's bed of white!
O Moon! Dost see? Weep, weep, oh moon!

The lovers bid again, "Good-night!"
And one lies restless, moaning still,
And one goes out into the gloom;
And both are sad at parting thus,
And both hide thoughts within a tomb.
But She who goeth forth again,
Into the sobbing of the cloud,
Can say but one thing to the moon,
The while she lifts her face, all proud.
"O silent moon! I kept my vow!
"Look down once more, I'll prove to you
"I love him! O how much! How much!
"I beg for death to take me, too!"

THE WEARY HEART

Still pants the weary heart for rest,
  Still do the eyes, unseeing, stare;
Unknowing what lies hidden 'neath
  Vapor that still is rising there!
While roll the clouds all dark and dense,
  Over the brain that fain would halt,
Still does existence urge it on,
  Still driven, as a slave at fault.
Lashed by impression, forward cut
  Deep on the heart that rust has bound,—
Felled by the blow to make it dust,
  Jerked from the solace of the ground.
Up, then, and up! Rest is not here.
  Driven and cuffed by sorry play,
Who knows if longer it endures?
  Who knows if there be not a day,
Far from the master's hateful eye,
  Nearer that heart which hopes in pain,—
Seeking the end! The end! The end!
  Then will be proved how all is vain!

Open it not! The rose lies wrapped
Just as he left it, in its bloom,
What! Wouldst thou see it? Curiously gaze?
Desecrate madly this holy tomb?
Take from its petals his fingers curled,
This gem immortal, this secret trust?
Leave it! Leave it, with silk all unfurled!
Grant that, like master, this thing turn dust!
Wake not the sorrows he told to it last!
Told with his tears and his heart-aches, one night!
That was the last time he poured out his grief,—
Thou, whom he loved, oh remember that sight!

O choir invisible that ever sprung,
Answering the summons of his powerful mind!
O sweet, wild voices, knowing the control
Of his stern master hand that did direct,—
That did enkindle fire within your throats,—
Sing! O sing again! Alas! Alas!

O Master mine! Come back! O play again
Upon thy violin, that wond'rous shell
Roaring like ocean of sublimest thought
In mystic moaning, beauteous revelry,—
Thy soul incarnate, in the soothing sound
Of some great melody with magic breath,
Come back! Come back! Was it not I, indeed,
Who learned to love thee, Master, and who knew
Thou didst express thy soul itself, whene'er
Thy master hand took will of every string?

What was it in thy tone that maddened me?
Oh, what indeed, that ever brought the tears
Unto adoring eyes that watched and loved
Thee, as no other could, nor even dared?
Have I not kissed thy fingers in my joy,
At end of every song? Have I not told
Enough of worship, that thou leav'st me thus?
Why are thy white hands here no longer, then?
Why is it left for me to lift this thing
That knew thy soul? Must I awaken sounds
Of voices that were thine to conjure up?
No, no! It is too much! I kiss this soul
That is the soul of thine, my noble one!
I hide it in its coffin, once again,—
As thou, shut from my vision evermore!

A night-voice cries out in my ear, "Awake!"
I sit erect to listen then, with fear,
And see around my sleepless bed,
Fair phantoms, yet inspiring dread
Within my soul, that, fleet as flying deer,
Would fain essay a bold escape to make.

Then one mad maiden smites my cheerless cheek
And shouts, in mirthful torment, "Knowest thou
"Or hast forgotten how his kiss
"Was Lethe's water to thy night?
"Perchance upon thy throat all white,
"Remains the scar of his loved lips
"That flamed into thy flattered flesh!
"We bring him back to thee, for one great vow
"Persuades us that thou art still Greek!"

Upon her, in bewilderment, I gaze.
What! Bring him, loved one, back to me?
"Yes, yes!" they cry in choral blend.
I think they jest and ask them why
And listen, as they make reply:
"We are the sprites that he would send
"To bear thee solace, in his stead,
"And so, we dance about thy bed,—
"Priestesses of Memory,
"Who glows with fire of ideal love's sweet craze!"

I join them then, and dance and play and sing.
I listen to their tantalizing tale
Of the great love for me he bore
And how he did bequeath, one day,

His soul to me! It bound us more
Than when, in love, we languished lay!
Because Love gave its all and did not fail,
Till Death plucked from my violin each string!

'Tis now I struggle fond forms to embrace,
But they elude my eager arms and mock,
Till I cry out they play not fair,—
And then, I feel upon my hair,
His warm, warm breath that rapes mine own!
'Tis then I find we are alone
And I entreat him sadly, "Speak!
"Since mind is strong, but woman weak!"
I ask him by what woeful way
He yields to realms of yesterday,
And hold his whisper, fervent, clear,—
"I loved thee, dear! I loved thee, dear!"
I wake once more, and spring up with the shock
Of poignant pulse, in throbbing, barren race!

Thou still beloved! When the night descends,
From out the East, there comes a spirit thing
To mock at me, to make my pillow burn,
And cause me woe untold! For then it seems
As if I must list to thy voice again,
Whispering the love song, as in dreams of yore!
Ah! Were they dreams, those wond'rous joys?
I think
Sometimes, they could not have been real, at all,—
Else, why now, do they mock at me, like this?
Must I, then, ever raise my longing lips and try
To feel you near me? Must I beg so much
For you to sit a bit upon my bed,
As oft before you sat there, dearest one,
When evening shadows fell upon us both?
It seems not fair that thus fate frowned on me
And carried you away to peace! I take
Your cherished things and hold them close,—oh
close
Up to my breast, where once you laid your head
And did beseech me ever to be true!
I hold them fast, although the tears are pain,
When I remember secrets that we knew,
In those bright hours! They ne'er will come again,
And so, I wonder, wonder, wonder, dear,—
If so it could have been that I knew you,—
That you loved me, so much!—Oh, was it real?
Or is this but a demon from the East
Who gleams on me, from Night's mysterious robes
Uncovering the realm of memory
To let me wonder, wonder, wonder, dear!

Sometimes, at midnight there appears,
Within the mirror's ghostly depth,
A pale, pale face, with red, red lips,
  That seems as tho' it would defy
The universe itself,—its laws!
  And then it ponders, "What am I?"

Upon the mirror's surface gleam
Two wide, wide eyes, that haunted stare
With wonder, at the image there,
  As if to ask, or still deny
The mirror with its frightful form,
  Demanding then, "Can this be I?"

The spectre long reflects and waits,
Expecting, as it seems, a face
To show beside its own, once more!
  And watching thus, there comes a cry
From those red lips that wait, in vain,—
  A whispered wonder,—"He and I!"

The face for which this spirit seeks,
Lies long as dust, in death's sealed tomb!
And so, it comes not in the glass,
  Tho' there the red lips wait reply!
And eyes that hunger for him still,
  Let down the tears! "Oh, why am I?"

A rose, a ring, a golden key!
  How is it that they come to lie
Assembled thus? Perhaps, 'tis fate,—
  To prove, that as the days go by,
Fond memories will bide with me!

The rose has bloomed, though autumn's frost
  Has killed the other lovely flowers.
And so, I know my love will live
  Untouched by winter's chilling hours.
For One I loved and One, I lost!

The ring? How it would love to tell
  The burning words he whispered me,
While raining kisses on my hand!
  Oh, how he blessed me tenderly,
In those old days, beneath that spell!

The key unto my breast I fold,
  Unlocking realms of yesterday,
To read my letters with the tears
  That Death has born for comfort's way!
A rose,—a ring,—a key of gold!

THE SNOW

I know you cannot hear me,—yet you must!
You must! Within my mind, my memory!
For see! Dear, see again the falling snow!
How shall I look, when as I stare and stare
At that white carnival, I see the moon
Beaming upon us, as a year ago!

How shall I look on purity's white snow?
Why did you not take all my breath that hour?
Why not, in love, crush me to death that night?
How sweet it would have been to lie within
Your arms, a lily,—broken, bleeding, dead!
A red love stain upon the snow all white!

THE CONCERT GOWN

I've put it on,—
The red chiffon!
I touch it tremblingly,—as bee unto the rose.
A dull, dark stain,
Like some old pain,
I see upon the bodice where your flowers once bled.

Before the glass,
I wait, alas!
For scarlet kisses once you showered on throat
and arms!
Those scars still there
The feeling bear,
But you come not to thrill anew my joyless soul!

In my little room,
In the dark night gloom,
  I sob!
From a distant tomb,
Like a chant of doom,—
  A throb!

I, the great martyr, torturing myself,
Stand listening to records that you made, clasping my hands,
Unclasping them again and sobbing into the instrument,
Begging it stop, beseeching it play on!
Each wondrous tone of the grand Bach "Chaconne,"
Played by your master hand on that old violin, seems like
A sword thrust, yet I bare my breast and with your bow
You strike, strike, strike at me,—though dead!
I list the swelled crescendo, sobbing an accompaniment
To your exquisite tones, until my heart stands still.
I call your name and listen, waiting for you to stop
And ask me why? Blue mists rose with those throbbing chords!
My senses seek for more,—something to kill me in emotion's
Rythmic blood! I take the "Siegfried Paraphrase,"—put it on,—
Smile, dream and revel in the golden past, while you to me
Make love again! You are not dead! No, no!
Soon I shall unclose my eyes and find you here,—your hand
Pressing my fingers to your lips! Your eyes all smiles
And only the violin to witness love!

NOVEMBER NIGHT

It is dark! It is cold!
  The wind sings high.
Quiet reigns in the depths of night.
  Gloom from the sky,
Sweeping down with woe's breath,
Grasps me in its mocking might.

How the wind, singing low,
  Still mocks my moan!
I, is it, who stares through the dark?
  I, with my groan?
Weeping so; laughing thus!
I, is it, who mad, must hark?

Do you hear how it kills?
  O list the shriek!
Laugh! Oh, laugh as the wind wails on!
  Its cry is weak,
And so laugh! Laugh, laugh, laugh,
Soul of mine, that storms till dawn!

Dear! Oft you said you loved to hear me play
The melody of the "Ballade," because,
You thought I had a poetry my own,
And one you loved to feel, whene'er I strayed
Across the keys. How oft I turned to you
With tearful eyes when I had done! How oft
I knelt beside your bed, where ill you lay
On sultry July nights and felt your hand
All tenderly caressing mine! How oft
Your kiss brought back the smile and all because
I loved you more than that "Ballade" expressed.
Dear! Could you but come to me, but know
That sometimes, when I play the melody
At our piano, with the picture hung, a memory
sweet,
All bright with flowers above it,
How there comes, with tender thoughts of you,
The tear that seeks a former harmony!

My beloved is dead! What weighs my heart in
woe?
Silence, sadness, solitude! Our home, now desolate,
Wakes not again to midnight joys or tears!
He knows me not,—he who so often called
Throughout the day for his Paulina! He,
Who said upon that death-bed, "Dearest one,
"We are betrothed! I die for love of you!"
Those words were sweet! But sweeter was to
hear
Him say, "You are my Church!" It proved to me
How our love was religion, what it meant
To him, that thus he died, unaided, glad
To find in love his paradise, his rest,
His immortality born in a kiss
That glowed and grew in higher realm than that
Most mortals know! This was our earthly love,
So blessed, peaceful, sacred, that it was
Religion to us both! Is this the end?
Ah, glorious 'tis to think that peace has come,
And that the troubled mind has left to men
Example for its immortality,
Building not hopes upon a future life,
Crowded with myth and endless self desire!
Grand is that one who living seeks to give
His best because it is his best and hopes
Not for reward, except what comes to him
Who lives in life and dies in death, content!

So lead me on! I care not where, indeed!
Sweet Destiny! Grim Destiny, appeased,
To thee I do resign my future fate
And like a child, in trust shall follow thee,
Without a murmur, since once in my life
Thou ledest me to bliss in that great mind
Which lives no more within his suffering flesh.
I ne'er shall chide thee, if the path be steep,
Or if the shade-tree spreads not over me,—
Yet one request I breath with anxious heart,—
Oh, Destiny! Be just! Lead me not far!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

A mortal, burdened by his earthly trials,
And weary of the world's vain, passing show,
Within the temple knelt and prayed for death,
Because he sought for,—what? He did not know!
His palace seemed too small to hold his wants,
Consumed by restlessness, for peace he strove
And e'er pursuing phantoms in his soul,
Upon the sea, for countless nights he'd rove.
But ever he returned and in his heart,
Remained the longing, like a lasting fire.
All treasures of the world he sought, in vain;
E'en gold, e'en love proved not his one desire.
For gold was cold and could not buy his peace,
When wild storms raged on dreadful nights at sea,
And tho' love filled his life with hours of bliss,
It lacked the inspiration that should be.
At last, he prayed unto the gods above
To give him one kind friend, so that he ne'er
Would be alone, and that, in grief or joy,
That friend would understand and ne'er despair.
The gods held council as the years winged by.
"What can we give?" they gravely said, at last.
"What can we give the mortal that will be
"His dear companion of the mem'ries past,
"A friend who shares with him his present woe,
"And holds his hopes of happiness in trust?

"Rich gifts we've given, but he cares for none.
"'Tis time we aid his craving strange. We must!"
'Twas Vulcan rose. "Again I'll give more gold!
"'Twill make him happy and increase his worth."
The mortal hung his head with sorrowing look,
And all the gods grew merry, then, with mirth.
"What! Give him gold?" they cried. "Thou art a fool!
"An outlet for emotion he doth crave,
"And he hath known that it can not be bought."
Then Mars arose and said, "I'll make him brave,
"For bravery gives an outlet to those things
"That e'er will make of him his own best friend."
Experience bowed the mortal's head, and so
Each offered dross, from end of row to end.
Fair Venus sighed and curled her lip in scorn.
"Love will not do; it does not linger long!"
Then rang a clear voice thro' the council hall.
It was Apollo's voice in wond'rous song.
The mortal's face grew raptured as he heard;
He smiled; he wept; and then he raised his head.
Before the throne of Jupiter he knelt.
"That is my friend! Oh, give me that," he said.
His gift the mortal kept for e'er, and when
The poor and weary flocked unto his door,
They heard the magic, wond'rous, healing sounds,
That made their ills seem less than e'er before.
And when the feast in glittering splendor lay
Before the guests arrayed in silk and gold,

It was the harp that gave the dance its lure,
And made its pleasures more than could be told.
Amid the terrors of the battlefield,
When sabers flashed and all were filled with fear,
It was the song of war, with music bold,
That made of cowards heroes to death's bier.
'Twas on the wild and stormy nights at sea,
When Neptune, in his wrath, beat down the sail,
That music soothed the terror-stricken mate,
Inspiring him to stay by mast and rail.
It was when Death, the silent, mighty one,
Struck down the dearest friends that he had known,
That music made the nights so full of calm,
Of cheerful rest for those so gently flown.
So, when the mortal's heart was glad with peace,
When love and beauty smiled upon his youth,
'Twas Music who did ope the portals wide,
To teach him all of life and mystic truth!
Thus, all the wonders of the earth he knew;
Within his soul, he held a thousand themes;
And Music led him on, in silence blind,
Into that soul of sympathy and dreams!
She guided him throughout the long, dull years;
She made each sorrow small, each shadow late;
And, by her inspiration, led him on
Unto a kinder and a nobler fate.

ODE

To Doctor Julien Benjamin

An angel, with stern mien, swept bird-like down
From heaven's heights unto the moaning earth
And in his flight he sighed, as one who knows
Futility of healing things men seek,
When cool, majestic message greets their pleas.
Yet, unto him was given sacred trust
And armed with sword, he swept the waters where
Bethesda's pool gleamed sparkling in the sun,
Reflecting all the holiness of him
Sent by the Lord, to cure the ills of men
By faith. We shall not dwell upon the law
That first inflicted sickness and then sent
A mystic being to bring health again
Unto the credulous. Our age gives One,—
Oh, One, who walks among his fellowmen,
With bearing of a man who knows man's need!
Within his soul there dwell broad images
Of understanding and of healing power.
No mystery doth veil his knowledge, for
His only mask is his beloved smile,
That seeks the depths of some unquiet mind,
To bring a solace by its presence there.
Hippocrates' disciple he is named,—
And truer, nobler human yet must be
Sought out, by those who doubt sincerity
Of his great heart! He is a god indeed,
Who doth not deign alone to heal the poor,
But seeks to prove the grace of given life
In every form, in grand or humble homes.

Perhaps, with those compared who flaunt their deeds,
His record to the world's demanding ear
Blasts not the trumpet of advertisement.
But they who bless his name, hide in their hearts
His work enshrined fore'er, as One who proved
That he had come,—embodiment of good,—
To live immortal, in the realm of Truth!

A SPRING SONG

Unto the earth, the springtime sun brings gladness;
The songsters trill to welcome morning light;
Dispelled is winter's grief and lonely sadness,
And banished is the darkness of the night.
The May-flowers blue, their heads to heav'n are turning;
A zephyr cools the slumbering lake, anew,
And in my heart, where passion deep is burning,
I bid the zephyr cool my fever, too.
Abide with me, oh golden hours of rapture!
Gaze with me, dear, on spring's fair stars above,
And like rare blossoms in the springtime's capture,
Give me thine eyes, thy lips, thy heart, thy love!

SUMMER NIGHT

O summer night with stars alight,
That hang o'er mead and lane,
What I would give to wake with you,
And feel your spell, again!

The crickets' chirping takes me back
To blushing days of yore
And I would give so much to live,
Within that pulse, once more!

And all, because just now, a lad
Stopped where the moon was clear.
I saw his arm about her waist,—
I knew that Love was near!

A lovers' quarrel, a lovers' smart,
A frown, a tear, a breaking heart,
A word that stings and silence, then,—
At sunny noon!

A lovers' walk adown the shore,
A kiss that glows forevermore,
Regret, and smiles, and joys combined,—
At eventide!

When the snow begins to fall,
  And the trees are white and bare;
When the sky is dull and gray,
  Then I think of thee, my fair!
Then I weep to know that thou,
  Folded in earth's aged womb,
Can ne'er hear again my cry,—
  Can ne'er know my hapless doom!
But thy bosom white was once,
  Folded to my very own,—
Thy dear bosom, white as snow,—
  Thine, to be but mine, alone!
Gray the winter sky today,—
  Frets the wind, and moans, and sighs!
It shall bring the frosting sleep,—
  It shall freeze my weeping eyes.
Down the vale I come to thee,—
  Thee, with bosom bared and white!
Faster down I haste to thee,
  As the north-wind weds the night.
Can'st thou hear, thou fairest still?
  Dost thou feel, beneath the snow?
Ere the sun can melt the ice,
  I shall hold thee, far below.
'Tis the wind that is thy voice,
  Calling me with chilling breath!
'Tis thy bosom bared and white,
  Gleaming in the moonlight's death!

THE TEAR

One tender tear upon the paper dries;
  One shining tear that glistens in the light;
One longing tear upon Love's altar lies,
  To tell the words I cannot speak or write.

TO THE NURSES IN THE JEWISH HOSPITAL

Cincinnati, Ohio

Ye priestesses who sacrifice the heart
Of womanhood, unto profession's art,
Sacred to service in the needs of man,—
What mortal sends enough, or even can,
Upon your altar, place the incense rare
Of full, expressed appreciation due
From all the world that worships at your shrine?

Untiring, noble staff of human hearts,
How weak we are to make you bear our smarts;
How lame to lean on you and yet, how sweet
To know that life has forged you in the heat
That separates the valued from the dross!
What highest blessing shall we pray for you?
Ah, noble souls, we wish more labor still!

A strange, hard benediction you may think,
But 'tis not so! The human soul must sink
When weighted by desires all satisfied,
And thus, in ever selfish, mortal pride,
We hope that serving will give you the glow
That halos all, who purged by fire of love,
Are lifted high for us to e'er adore!

TO MOTHER

I tried, in vain, to write an ode to her;
I tore up fifty sheets of rhyme, at best;
I looked at her and sighed and then I knew
There is one thing that cannot be expressed!

TO IRENE

Sweet daughter of the Muses, hail!
What laurel shall I bring to thee?
What sceptre and what throne wilt thou?
And wilt thou let me humbly bow,
Before thy shrine, in ecstasy?

Enraptured slaves are kneeling at thy feet,
To crown thee with a thousand joys of truth;
To tell thee of thy triumph and repeat,
That thou art music-mistress of fair youth.
Here in the shadows patiently I wait,
To watch if one, unblinded, sees the trace
Of sorrow's woe, the gift of some kind fate,
Who gave her imprint to thy gentle face.
The thunder of thy passion that did burst,
Like flames devouring thee with vague desire,
In chords that met their eager senses, first,
Fanned all enthusiasm to wild fire.
And still, is there no voice that breaks with tear,
To tell thee softly of thy touching tone?
To say it could but feel, instead of hear,
Each tuneful sigh and breathless, rising moan?
Is there no mortal here, who clasps thy hand
And speaks of wond'rous depth of soulful strain,
Divinest spark that makes men understand
What came from thee, in sweet and loved refrain?
There is not one? Then let me tell thee, dear,
That thro' the darkness, thro' the walls of night
Thy music came to me and made me fear,
Yet gave me joy and mystic, dream-delight.

So with new hope, the rugged mount I climb,
For in thy wond'rous music, thou hast shown,
That, which endears thee to me for all time:
I feel that thou hast trod paths I have known!

(*To Irene Gardner*)

THE LAY OF THE LYNX

I am Carna, the fair,
And my net is my hair,
  For it shineth like gold
  And because I am bold,
Every fool, 'twill ensnare.

I am Carna, the wise!
If you gaze in mine eyes,
  You will soon lose your way,
  For you'll find that I'm gay,
And there's naught that I prize!

I am Carna, the wine!
I can madly make mine.
  I can haunt with my spell,—
  I have tortures of hell,
And I never repine!

I am Carna, the dance,
Who can hold you by glance.
  For by night, all afire,
  I can burn, coax, inspire!
I can numb you in trance!

I am Carna, the flame
That is long known to fame,
  For my kiss sucks your breath
  Till I crush you in death!
And I laugh at all shame!

THE PILGRIM'S CHANT

Yesterday's road, in vain, we trod,
Seeking our kingdom and our god;
Yearning for thoughts, for mem'ries flown;
Craving for friendships once we've known;
Cursing our lives to mourn our gain;
Blessing our loss to praise our pain,—
Oh, that the human had ne'er crossed our path!

Yesterday's road hath many turns,
Happy with sunshine, green with ferns;
Road winding 'round the mountain high,—
Mount of ambition rising nigh,—
Mount we have loved too well to climb,—
Height we have reached to worship time.
Oh, that the human had ne'er crossed our path!

Yesterday's road lies fair afar.
O that our deeds could ever mar
All the sweet beauty of that scene;
Smiling with mead and landscape green!
Yesterday's road's a forest now,
Demon and darkness on every bough,—
Oh, that the human had ne'er crossed our path!

TO ROSEMARIE

Rosemarie, with cheeks all pink
And blue eyes that gravely blink,—
  Silently you gaze on me,
  With your childlike honesty!
How I wonder what you think!

Strange, unquiet soul am I,
Living in the dreams gone by,
  Yet I love to have you near
  Rosemarie, so young, so dear,—
Wondering where your thoughts do hie!

Thus ends in calm the busy day;
The quiet of its eve doth sink,
With mossy feet into the light.
The ghost of all its transient joy
Majestically greets the night.
From far-afar, there comes the sound
Of labor world returning home,—
Home, not a dwelling, but the peace
That hallows all, at setting sun!

Soon will the fitful firefly rise;
Soon will be borrowing the moon
The lamp, that day wills to the sky;
While now, o'erwhelming all my soul,
There comes thy melody to vie.
'Tis thus oppression calms the soul,
With wond'rous beauty of thy theme,
The sorrowed phrases of its thought,
The slumbering darkness of its wail,
The mystery of thy "Elegy!"

The sun's last rays beam on the wood,—
They know the secret of its power,
While from it flows the restless soul,—
The soul immortal in its tone,—
The brush that paints thy lovely flower!

(*To "Elegy," by Paul Miersch*)
(*For violin and piano*)

THE ROBIN

Into the dusk sang the robin his note;
Sang from the low-hanging mulberry-bush;
Filled with the scent of the bloom was his throat;
Fluttered his heart with the joy of the breeze;
  Feasting on glow of the evening sun;
  Singing, exultant, the wild, happy one!

High from the tower, the robin sang on,
Singing the twilight his evening song.
Pleading it was, like a memory gone,—
Gone on the sail of another far day.
  Listening he sat then, to echoes all tame,
  But thro' the sinking night, no answer came.

LINES TO A BUSY PHYSICIAN

Dear Doctor, now, it is but just,
  Here to remark, that when you stay
  So long, so very long away,
I grow despondent and I trust
  You will not come another day!

'Twas Byron who was called the prince
  Of irony and I am sure
  This treatment he would not endure.
No, no! Not he! And therefore, since
  Not he, why I,—sarcasm-poor?

Yet I do know that he would write
  Poetic stings, perhaps,—a threat
Or two, as oft of old, a knight
  Might challenge one and let
The sword prove who is right.

You disappoint,—a sword, indeed,
  That pricks my nerves, until I cry
In pain, with sentiments that lead
Me to reflect, if I should heed
  Your sage advice, or rather die!

In greatest, deepest, wild suspense
  You keep me. For the nerves that's bad!
And you, a doctor, should not fence
With my poor, vital cords, but hence,
  Desert me formally,—oh learned lad!

The calm of eve has settled well upon the wintry
day,
And from the distance comes the sound of shrieking
trains
That bear commuters home again,—to peace
I see the cold, gray sky curling its lips, like some
grand dame,
Who would discourage e'en the bits of grass
That keep their heads above.
And, in the spell of quiet gloom, along the muddy
streets,
There comes a soldier's tramping march and with
it all,
A cheerful song, just whistled,—whistled by a
boy, a youthful thing
Full of life's throbbing pulse.
His march is fast and knows not of retreat. Upon
his arm is hung
A common club, or stick, or what you will,—but
something
That he's patterned for himself and armed with it,
Lo! How the lamp now glows!
Sending a world of cheer into the dreary night
And he goes on, with steady tread into the dark-
ness
With a message in his heart: Let there be light!

THE MOUNTAIN DEER

A deer of the mountain, I!
My ears know the sound of the rushing stream,
My eyes are mild with hunger's gleam,
My hoofs know the sand and the rock of the path.
At midnight, on lonely mountain ridge,
My voice resounds thro' the darkened dell.
Lonely the mountain wastes and steep,
Wide is the valley, fertile, deep.
Sea birds my songsters are,
My mate is the dawn,—
A deer of the mountain, I!

Us kids at school is always glad,
When teacher smiles at us to say,
"Now, children, as you all must know,
"Tomorrow is a holiday."
We whoops and hollers and we shout;
We close up desks and books;
We don't know what it's all about,
Nor mind our teacher's looks.
We read 'bout Lincoln 'n Washington;
We sing, "My Country," song,
While teacher gives us all a flag,
And so we march along.
When school is over, I goes home
A-plannin' 'bout the way
Us kids is to be Injuns, wild,
To celerbrate the day.
I feels so awful glad and good,
Until my Pa comes back
From work, all tired and worried-like,
And sets his pail up on the rack.
I climbs onto his knee and pat
My hand agin his cheek,
Just askin' 'bout the "visit-nurse,"
Who cures his cough each week.
He frowns and says, "Doggone it all!
"Tomorrow's holiday,
"And so the fact'ry will shut down,—
"They'll dock us on our pay!"
My Ma, she sighs real loud and says,
"I don't know what I'll do!

"That boy's pants are so full of tears,
"And he needs shoes now, too.
"I thought, this week, I'd spare enough
"To rig him out, but O,—"
And then she cries, and cries, and cries,—
'Cause we're so poor, you know!
At school, I thought 'twas only fun,
But now, I don't see why,
We has to have a holiday
That makes my Mama cry!

DAWN IN THE DESERT

Arise, Haidee! Arise, Haidee!
The morn peeps o'er the dreaming sea.
This air of morn will fade thy fire,—
That raging glow of love's desire!
The breeze last night bewitched thy hair,
But this will make thee still more fair!
The night's vain madness mocks thy hands;
Thy feet are burned by desert sands.

Arise, Haidee! Arise, Haidee!
Take up thy mantle; haste thee; flee!
The sun shines on the waters blue,
And in its gold is crimson hue!
Is it the blood thy fury shed?
The soul of him who here lies dead?
He vowed his vengeance ere he died,
And now, his spirit rides the tide.

Arise, Haidee! Arise, Haidee!
Arouse from slumber! Hasten thee!
Is't thus, thy head upon thine arm,
Thou still wilt sleep, 'neath nearing harm?
For swifter now the waters roll,—
High o'er the cliffs a dirge they toll,
And ah, he comes in crimson sea,
To bear thee to thy grave, Haidee!

I am the queen!
I come unseen;
I strip the forests of their green.
My throne is air;
My robes are fair,—
Their red and gold gleam everywhere.
The sky for me,
Is canopy.
My crown, of asters bright must be.
I chill the sod;
I dance; I nod;
My sceptre is the goldenrod.
Plead thou, in vain!
I shall remain,—
For with high hand, I come to reign!

THE STRUGGLE

The world is but a crowded battlefield,
Where there is fought a brutal, bloody strife;
Where every man must wield a sword and shield,
To fight for liberty, for love, for life!
And one against the other in the fray,
Each strives to conquer, each to win and rule!
Each claiming power and tribute, day by day;
Each striving 'gainst oppression cold and cruel.
Some rise in glory, like the morning sun,
And thro' the battle suffer no defeat;
Some flee in fear, before the battle's done
And some, despairing, curse their long retreat.
Some, scarred and bitter, care not whom they fell;
Some, wounded, bleeding, sink 'neath hoofs of Fate;
Some rise again in hope, to cheer and yell,
To march and cry, "It is not yet too late!"
But, victors are the victims of that one,
Who rides unheralded, unheard, unseen,
Across the plain, before the battle's done
And leaves the lifeless strewn on fields of green.
The time must be, when other forms than ours,
In life's unequal contest shall compete
And they, too, learn, in those unloved, dark hours,
That tho' they triumph, Death is their defeat!

FLOWERS

The flowers you gave to me,—they still are here,—
Their bloom is fragrant and I love the sight,
Of their dear faces, smiling in the sun.
A merry poppy now doth seem,
Your happy face, the while I dream.

The thoughts of yesterday,—they, too, are here,—
Their tomb is radiant, tho' the tomb is night
But of their beauty, there remains not one,—
I only see a sweet, white rose,
All peace eternal,—all repose!

A MORAL

The rich man's widow, ill with grief,
Lay weeping many weeks in bed;
A trained nurse tended her with care;
A "case of nerves" the doctors said.
Her dainty boudoir hung with lace,
Her downy couch and flowers all bright
And friends, with words of loving cheer,
Gave her no comfort in her plight.
Luxurious drives in open air,
Restored the roses to her cheek,
While tempting food brought appetite,
Yet not the calm that she would seek.
And so, at last, it was agreed
That travels through the south might bring
Her back to health and happiness,
Forgetting past in everything.
Thus far and wide she travelled then,
While pleasure occupied her time;
In many joys she found relief,—
The best had been the change of clime.
This method was the best by far,
To banish sadness from her face
And from her young heart where, at last,
Of grief there was no longer trace.

The poor man's widow, weak and pale,
Worked in a sweat-shop for her bread,
And oft at night, while washing clothes,
She sighed with grief. "O God," she said,
"Can you not give him back to me?
"I ask you as the Lord of Might,

"Why are my children fatherless?
"Can this be Justice? This be Right?"
Her bed was hard, her food was plain,
And oft, she knew not where to seek
For money that would buy the shoes
Her boy should have for school that week.
No friends she had who could bestow
Material sympathy or bring
Her cheerful words to tell, alas,
How time must needs heal everything!
And so, in work she sought to find
Relief, that fain would cheat old Time.
She nursed her babes, she scraped, she saved,
And thus, she passed out of her prime.
Thus, too, when Duty was appeased,
Worn out, she looked back on that race
And breathed her last. Her children blessed
The Death that smoothed her wrinkled face!

TO A GIRL OF TWELVE

Sweet child of twelve, with wide, grey eyes,
Gazing afar, at azure skies,
Over the cornflowers frail and blue,
Over the gate that's barring you
From all the world that beckons fair
And spreads the sunlight o'er your hair,
Making you seem a fairy sweet,
Dainty and nimble, with guileless feet,—
What are your thoughts?

Sweet girl of twelve, this summer's noon
Brings to your climate love too soon.
Tell me not yet a lad stands there,
Where, as in dream, I see you stare!
I wonder, still I do not see
Aught but the ripening apple-tree,
Burdened with fruit that soon will fall.
Ah! Let us hope each ruddy ball
Falls into hands that know its worth,
Preserving it for hallowed hearth!
Those are my thoughts!

Sweet miss of twelve, with bosom bare,
Bosom that shame cannot yet share,
Bosom that mother's hands caress,
Mother, with loving tenderness,
Hoping that passion passes the gate,
Leaving you free to dream and wait
Long for love's spell, that's gathering where
Your youthful heart lies beating there!
Those are her thoughts!

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